KINGSLEY MARTIN ON BUCHMANISM

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Mr. Eden's Part at Geneva

MR. EDEN'S sudden return to London and the flying visit of Admiral Radford, U.S. Commander-in-Chief in the Pacific, had made many people fear that the British might yield to the French demand for immediate military aid in Indo-China. Sir Winston has soothed such fears by saying that the Government has entered into no new military or political commitments in Indo-China, and will not do so in advance of the results of the Geneva Conference. That is all to the good, but it will bring only a small measure of comfort to informed observers. We had not expected the British Government to commit political suicide.

Technically no military aid that Britain could send would have an immediate effect on the war in Indo-China. No doubt Sir Winston and Admiral Radford agreed about that. Sir Winston probably also explained that for us to enter upon such a war would immediately split the Commonwealth, provoke a revolt of public opinion in England, and drive into hostility all the newly freed peoples of Asia and Africa, who see the Viet-Minh struggle, not as a case of Communist aggression, but as a French colonial war. We hope he also pointed out that the American policy of backing the wrong horse was responsible for Communist victories in China.

The British Government have many decisive reasons for opposing any proposal to extend the war. It seeks a compromise peace in Asia, just as Mr. Attlee's Government did when General MacArthur was about to plunge us into war against China, and probably into a world war, in 1951. Mr. Dulles knows well that, if Britain is to be brought into the American crusade against China, it can only be done by stages —after, not before the Geneva Conference.

Mr. Dulles, Mr. Nixon and other American spokesmen have gone far to destroy the slender chance of a Viet Nam settlement at Geneva. If the United States still obstinately refuses even to admit that Peking, and not Formosa, is the capital of China; if it is American policy to regard any compromise with Ho Chi Minh as a victory for the Communists, which America cannot tolerate, then Washington seems to have left little room for negotiation. Clearly Mr. Dulles regards Geneva as he did Berlin. After its foredoomed failure it should be easier to persuade us into agreeing to a military alliance in the Pacific, just as, after Berlin, the Western Governments were morally implicated in the acceptance of E.D.C.

The British are once again on a slippery slope. Mr. Eden knows the consequences of following Mr. Dulles: he desires to maintain our recognition of China, and to continue to seek peace. If Britain is to avoid being dragged into accepting as inevitable, first, full-scale war with China and, later, a world war with hydrogen bombs, then Mr. Eden must put forward constructive proposals not essentially dissimilar to those of Mr. Nehru. He must stand firmly for a cease-fire, and make clear to Mr. Dulles that Britain will never accept any commitment in the Pacific which involves our intervention against the nationalist movements of Asia and our separation from India. He must insist, as a condition of discussing any joint policy in the Pacific, that America agrees to Peking taking its rightful place in the United Nations. If Britain yields on these matters, she becomes a mere satellite of Washington and will play no further great or honourable part in world history.

The Powers and Korea

As at Berlin, the "God of fair beginnings" has smoothed the opening of the Geneva Conference—at least so far as Korea is concerned. Problems of protocol rapidly and amicably solved, the way was cleared for Mr. Yung Tai (South) and General Nam Il (North) to lodge their respective proposals for unification. The South Korean demand—that Chinese (but not Western) forces should at once withdraw, and that elected Northern Deputies should take their seats in an R.O.K. Parliament—obviously

courted refusal. The Northern counter-proposal —that all foreign troops should leave Korea within six months, and that Korea should be unified on the basis of a new National Assembly after elections organised by an all-Korean commission, including representatives of "democratic" bodies—was so reminiscent of the Soviet suggestion at Berlin for German unification that its fate at the hands of Mr. Dulles was unqualified rejection. That being so, the partition of Korea, as of the Reich, will presumably continue: here, as distinct from Indo-China, maintenance of the *status quo* is both practicable and compatible with the maintenance of a truce, however uneasy. It may, indeed, be the best and wisest course for the present.

An "Area of Peace"

The crisis in Indo-China has given a new importance to the conference of Asian Prime Ministers, now meeting in Colombo. The original invitations, sent by the Premier of Ceylon to his colleagues in India, Burma, Pakistan and Indonesia, were to a discussion of the problems arising from American military aid to Pakistan. Sir John Kotelawala said that the future of Asia could not be built by "free giveaways, foreign gunboat visits and massed concentration of armed strength": their security depended on their capacity to feed, clothe and educate their people. How, in fact, were they to create, in Nehru's phrase, "an area of peace"? The five nations concerned have their internal dissensions—over Kashmir, for instance, and other matters—and these have led to a discussion in Ceylon of a joint declaration of non-aggression and non-intervention in each other's affairs. The real issue, however, is the attitude to be adopted to the two rival Big Power blocs. India and Burma remain distinctively independent of either. Recently, indeed, Mr. Nehru has shown signs of concentrating rather on his Asian neighbours who "have become more and more important than some distant countries, even though distant countries are more prosperous and politically advanced." The fact is that in Asia the fear of colonialism, from which the peoples of the independent countries have only recently been freed, is greater than the still uncertain rigours of Communism. Thus, Burma has just signed a new trade agreement with the Chinese People's Republic. Pakistan, it is true, is officially committed to military agreements with the U.S., but the recent elections in East Bengal suggest considerable public doubt about the wisdom of this entanglement. No Indonesian Government could survive closer entanglement with the Americans, while there are signs that greater intimacy with China would be politically popular. Only Ceylon, despite her independence and her newly appointed Ceylonese Governor-General, remains susceptible to Whitehall.

A further complication is raised for the three Commonwealth members of the conference by the British request for their views on the proposed "Pacific Nato." India is unequivocally opposed to any such military pact; and it is from India that any constructive proposals discussed at Colombo for ending the hostilities in Indo-China will originate. If Pakistan and Ceylon were to go any way along the Dulles line, the repercussions would be not only to extend the war, but to cause a deep division in the Commonwealth. If, on the other hand, the five Premiers can unanimously advocate a cease-fire in Indo-China, followed by direct negotiations between the parties immediately concerned, then, even if the West played its part in helping to guarantee the terms of a settlement, the Geneva Conference would have to realize that Asians intend to go on being ruled by Asians.

Mr. Wilson and the Front Bench

After a fortnight of silence and the most earnest consideration, Mr. Harold Wilson has decided to fill Mr. Bevan's vacant place in the Opposition leadership. No one can envy him the torment of a decision which he clearly found so difficult. To rejoin the Labour leadership (the argument ran) would be a gesture of conciliation towards the Right which would be greatly appreciated in the Parliamentary Party, and which would at least give Mr. Wilson the chance of succeeding, where Mr. Bevan had failed, in achieving a useful and tolerable accommodation with the rest of his colleagues on the Parliamentary Committee. It would, however, beyond doubt be represented in the press as a split between Mr. Bevan and his senior Parliamentary lieutenant; and it was liable to create despondency among a high proportion—how high is still anybody's guess—of rank-and-file Party members in the constituencies. Moreover, it would be taken as endorsing the expressed opinion of Mr. Bevan's enemies that his recent resignation was occasioned by personal feelings, and not by issues of principle. To sit, on the other hand, with Mr. Bevan on the back benches and refuse his inheritance would have enabled Mr. Wilson to preserve a more convincing form of unity on the Left of the Labour Party, and would have given heart to those who have accepted Mr. Bevan's gesture as being the gravest sort of warning that the Party is endangering both its future and its conscience by a retreat from Socialism, and acceptance of an unconditional American alliance.

But in this course, too, the dangers involved were obvious. For the logic of Mr. Bevan's withdrawal from the front bench is that he is prepared to lead a planned campaign against the Party's existing leadership and policies. That struggle would be sharpened, and its front widened, by a unanimous decision of Mr. Bevan's more intimate colleagues to abstain from implicating themselves in the Party leadership. Yet, however anxious Mr. Bevan may be to fight, he cannot allow his campaign to reach the point of a total split, nor can he court his own expulsion from the Party. It would be a lasting tragedy for Socialism if he were to be manœuvred into the lonely and fruitless role of a Maxton. Hence (it was argued) the advantage of accompanying his personal challenge with the gesture towards unity implied by Mr. Wilson's moving up into his leader's place. These are some of the arguments and considerations which Mr. Wilson had to weigh. His decision was an entirely personal one, and only events can show whether it was the one best calculated to preserve and strengthen an influential Left in the Labour Party.

Middle-class Tax Relief?

The income-tax changes suggested by the Royal Commission on Taxation in its second Interim Report are strikingly similar in principle to concessions that have been demanded at recent Tory Party conferences. They are extremely complicated, but their main purpose is to lighten the direct-tax burden on middle-class families. It is true that about seven million people would, by the new minimum allowance device, be relieved altogether from income-tax—an exclusion that a majority of the Commission justifies by setting the small sums they pay against the high cost of collection. But the revenue that would be lost in this way would have to be found elsewhere, presumably by heavier indirect taxation. The Commission estimates that the total cost of its changes would be about £86 millions, and if anything like this amount had to be found by consumption taxes, which are heavily regressive, the bulk of it would have to come from wage-earners outside, or in the lower ranges of, the income-tax system. Socially, it may be desirable to make rather larger concessions to families, at the expense of bachelors, spinsters and childless couples who are both working. Yet there seem to be no grounds for making the allowance for children grow proportionately greater for the upper-middle class. This is indeed using the tax system to intensify class differences. A relief could be devised, without reshaping the whole tax tructure, that would achieve much the same ends without the fall in revenue that these proposals involve. Some of the minor recommendations, however, are sensible: it is equitable to rank apprenticeship with secondary or higher education for tax relief, and to make greater allowance for incapacity.

Tax and Incentives

The report by the Social Survey, which accompanies the Royal Commission's proposals, will disappoint many who have blamed "crippling taxation" for destroying incentives. Whatever may be true of the middle and managerial classes—and even with these, despite many complaints about the tax burden, few actually refrain from earning because of their increased tax liability—most workers want to earn as much as they can, gross, and are not deterred by the prospect of surrendering a larger part of their income to the Inland Revenue. Four-fifths of the sample—and the Social Survey's sampling technique is reliable—did not know at what point higher earnings would make them liable to a higher tax rate or to start paying tax. Only one-twentieth of the sample thought that their tax payments had any effect in their attitude to their work, and very few of those questioned believed that tax liability was a serious obstacle to greater output. Other factors bulked much larger in the worker's willingness to work overtime or his refusal to exert himself beyond a minimum. The Survey's broad conclusion—from which a future Labour Chancellor, at least, should learn an important lesson —is that the "carrots" of fiscal policy, such as higher earnings and greater social security, have much more effect on effort than its "sticks" of taxation and high prices.

PARIS

M. Bidault's Blank Cheque

Our Paris Correspondent writes: On Sunday evening M. Bidault left for Geneva, an exhausted and disappointed man. For the last three weeks —ever since Mr. Dulles's call for a "solemn warning" to China—he has been fighting a stubborn rearguard action in the Cabinet. And during this period, his position as personal arbiter of the foreign policy of the Fourth Republic has been nibbled away as inexorably as the defences of Dien Bien Phu. True, on Saturday he got his "blank cheque" for Geneva. But only on condition that he reports back daily to the Government—in this case the whole Government and not just the "Europeans"—and consults M. Marc Jacquet, his bitterest Cabinet enemy.

The origins of the decline of M. Bidault are various and complex. Foremost is the catastrophic reversal in the military situation. When Ho Chi Minh offered to negotiate a truce last December, the Cabinet—and the Assembly—agreed to wait until after Berlin on the assumption that the military *status quo* would remain unchanged. After Berlin, when the Nehru truce proposal was debated, the Assembly again agreed to wait—until Geneva—on the same assumption. Since then, however, several things have happened. First, the Gaullist Ministers have found out about M. Bidault's promise not to negotiate separately, which he made to Mr. Dulles at Bermuda. Secondly, the full details of M. Pleven's confidential report on the Indo-Chinese military situation—on which the "Europeans," overruling M. Jacquet, decided to take no action—are now generally known. Thirdly, and most important, the full extent of the Dien Bien Phu disaster can no longer be concealed. Increasingly, inside and outside the Cabinet, Gaullists and Radicals are asking unpleasant questions. Who was responsible for placing an eighth of the Expeditionary Force in an untenable position around a useless airstrip? Was it, ultimately, M. Bidault, whose decision to sacrifice the chance of direct negotiations on the altar of Franco-American unity made Dien Bien Phu possible?

In addition, there is the fiasco of the Vietnamese independence talks. The original aim was the completion of a new treaty, acceptable to France, in good time for Geneva. But in face of Bao Dai's intransigeance over the phrase "independence within the French Union," M. Bidault decided to sabotage the talks. An anti-Bao Dai demonstration was engineered in Saigon, and the talks were broken off. The object was to jettison Bao Dai, form a new regime and a new treaty at one and the same time, and produce both out of the bag immediately before Geneva, as evidence of "France's good intentions." But the plan misfired. It proved impossible to find a quick pretext for disowning Bao Dai. And in the meantime the Emperor had been conducting negotiations of his own with his political opponents in Saigon. Backed up by a promise from the Americans that they would support Vietnamese claims for complete independence, he patched up a hasty agreement with the "Ultra-Nationalists" and informed the astonished French that he had formed an "all-party War Cabinet." M. Laniel hastily summoned him to Paris. His arrival in France, however, coincided with Mr. Dulles's sudden visit on April 13. M. Bidault decided that, at all costs, the two should be prevented from meeting, and the Emperor was held in Nice —practically by force—until Mr. Dulles left for Washington. Then he was brought up to Paris, and the Vietnamese delegation, suddenly resurrected after a month of hibernation, went through the motions of "concluding" an agreement. The final text was drawn up, and *Paris-Presse* even announced that the treaty had been signed, but in fact the signatures, for some unexplained reason, had never been affixed. Finally, last weekend, the relentless Mr. Dulles returned to Paris and this time the meeting could not be avoided. Bao Dai came out from the interview wreathed in smiles and calmly announced that the treaty was unacceptable.

And so to Geneva. M. Bidault left Paris without a policy, but with the knowledge that if he formulates one it may well be rejected by the Assembly, if not by his own colleagues. On Saturday he played his last card by demanding *immediate* Anglo-American armed assistance. The answer was a definite "No." He is now more or less committed to try for a cease-fire on the basis of the terms which M. Laniel announced to the Assembly in March. But these were always somewhat unrealistic and now they are hopelessly out of date. If he raises or lowers his price, he will come under a withering cross-fire—with Mr. Dulles on one side and the Gaullists and Radicals on the other. At the same time, he has, at all costs, to avoid forcing Mr. Dulles into private negotiations with Bao Dai for carrying on the war under the banner of "Independence."

ROME

Trieste and Other Troubles

Our Rome Correspondent writes: Italy's recently renewed pressure for a "solution" to the Trieste problem, is only partly inspired by her fear of the proposed modification of the Balkan Pact. The resignation last month of Signor De Castro, the Italian Chancellor to the Allied Military Government in Trieste, brought to the fore not only the growing friction there between local officials and the central administration, but also the long economic crisis, involving a general drain of credit, a run on the banks, and a standstill in the shipyards, where the Communist-led union has gained increasing support. Right-wing observers in Rome put the blame on the Allies; and the stiffening of the Government's attitude is intended to appease the Monarchists, whose votes are felt to be desirable for a "national" endorsement of E.D.C. But the Monarchists, despite occasional blandishments, are still hostile to the Demochristian Left and Centre, as was shown by their press comments on the De Gasperi-Guareschi libel case. Consequently, existing rifts in the Demochristian Party and the Coalition continue to deepen. Although the Demochristian National Congress is not until the end of June, members of its Right wing are already jockeying for position as policy-makers. Pella, Togni, and Andreotti make little secret of their desire for eventual Right-wing alliance in order to maintain the Einaudi-Pella policy of "hard money." Similar political dissensions are apparent in the Church. Opposition has been aroused by the dismissal of Mario Rossi from the Presidency of the G.I.A.C., the Youth Group of Catholic Action. "Doctrinal reasons" are officially quoted for Rossi's dismissal: but his supporters ascribe it to his attacks on the Right-wing politics pursued by Catholic Action, and his calls for a lay apostolate similar to that of the worker-priests.

NEXT WEEK

"An African Slavery," by Basil Davidson.

For the first time since H. W. Nevinson's disclosures fifty years ago, a Socialist journalist reveals the truth about Angola.

WASHINGTON

Housing Scandal

Our American Correspondent writes: Although the McCarthy-Army television show is currently stirring up American passions to white-heat, if this money-minded society were at all logical it would be getting much more excited than it is over the present housing scandal. For, in cash terms, it involves the misappropriation of $2,000m. of public funds in the last few years.

The scandal was touched off a couple of weeks ago with the forced resignation of Guy T. O. Hollyday, Commissioner of the Federal Housing Administration, the seizure of the agency's files and the opening of the usual-type Senate investigation, this time by the Banking Committee under the chairmanship of Senator Capehart. Mr. Hollyday was appointed to his post last year by President Eisenhower, but the abuses are known to have existed long before that. So this particular investigation is somewhat novel in that both Democrats and Republicans are likely to be soiled by the muck that is raked.

The root cause of the abuses is that, under the post-war Federal Housing Acts, the U.S. Government insured mortgages on private residential building construction. This has meant, as Charles Abrams, the noted housing expert, said in a broadcast this week, "Socialism for losses and private enterprise for profits." The point here is that the private builder has been able to go into a risk venture with the happy knowledge that, if by chance he made a miscalculation and incurred a loss, the Government, and not he, would bear it all. If, however, he made a profit, he would get it all, and the Government would get nothing. This heads-I-win-tails-you-lose set-up has all along been close to the hearts of the real estate lobby in Washington, although in public it has inveighed against what it calls "creeping Socialism," probably in order to divert attention away from Government-insured mortgages.

These mortgages are not in themselves corrupt. It is in the application of such policies that corruption arises. For the private speculator the opportunities are enormous. First, all he has to do is get an option on a piece of land for a very small amount of cash. He then presents the plans of a building project to the local field director of the Federal Housing Administration. Once he gets F.H.A. approval for the project, together with a commitment for a fully guaranteed mortgage, the value of his option multiplies by scores, possibly hundreds, of times overnight, because he holds the option on a piece of land with a development potential that cannot lose. He may then sell his option, together with the valuable F.H.A. approval, to somebody else, taking a quick profit of many thousands per cent. and getting out. Or he may go to a bank or other financial institution and borrow the money necessary actually to buy the land—because up to this point he only had an *option* on it—and also enough money to start building. If he manages to get an over-appraisal of the cost of the project, by padding estimated expenses or by other means—and there is evidence that this happened quite frequently—the F.H.A. mortgage would be more than the total cost of the venture, and he could pocket the difference in cash. There are many other money-making possibilities.

It has not yet been proved whether public officials have been involved in collusion with private speculators and have been recipients of graft. But, in a situation under which an F.H.A. field director, earning perhaps $8,000 a year, can by a signature net an applicant perhaps millions of dollars, it is easy to see the inherent temptation.

Obligations to the Middle East

ONE of the least attractive British qualities is our readiness to forgive and forget the wrongs we do to other people. Consider, for instance, this country's attitude to what was once Palestine. We have forgiven the Jews, who won, and forgotten the Arabs, who lost the war we encouraged them to begin; and anyone who recalls Britain's double act of treachery in 1948 is accused of a vendetta against the dead.

Unfortunately, the dreadful consequences of Ernest Bevin are still very much alive in the Middle East. Indeed, they form the destiny of Israel and her neighbours. These little countries have to live in the intolerable conditions which his policy wilfully created and which, since the Palestine war officially ended, his successors at the Foreign Office have done nothing whatever to alleviate. For months we have been reading of incidents on the Jordan frontier and in the Gaza strip. But, though we are solemnly pledged by the 1950 tripartite agreement to guarantee those frontiers, these savage murders and counter-murders rouse hardly a ripple of interest in London. True, we still claim that Britain is the preponderant Great Power in the Middle East. We continue to keep a huge army in Egypt, to control Jordan directly and Iraq indirectly, and to derive vast profits from the oil of the Persian Gulf. But, as for the undeclared war along Israel's frontier and the desperation on both sides of the frontier which is its cause—that, we say, is an affair for the United Nations, knowing full well that, owing to the activities of the Arab bloc, U.N. is impotent. It is not surprising that this blend of indifference is provoking a new wave of anti-British feeling in Israel, as well as among the 900,000 Arab refugees. Talk of a "second round" used to be heard exclusively among Arab politicians. Now it is heard in Israel, too.

At the cost of being accused of tedious repetition, let us rehearse once again the dreary facts of the situation. Five years after the armistice was signed, 900,000 Arab refugees from Palestine are still homeless, 450,000 of them in Jordan, 200,000 in the Gaza strip and the rest scattered in Lebanon and Syria. The lucky ones live in the dreary U.N.R.W.A. camps, or at least on U.N.R.W.A.'s ration strength. The unlucky ones do not qualify for ration cards because they still live in their villages, cut off from their fields by the demarcation line. All of them are breeding like flies. Most of them hope for a "second round," because there is nothing else to hope for. Their one honourable means of livelihood is pillaging and plundering the new Israel settlements along the frontier.

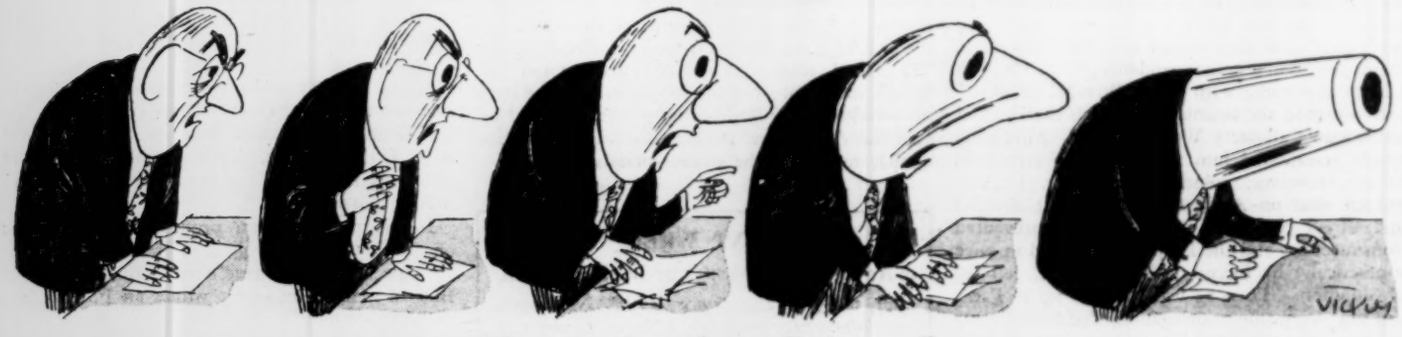
Take, for instance, the situation at Gaza. This coastal strip, 30 miles long and only seven miles wide, juts up from the South deep into Israeli territory. It was the one piece of Palestine still held by the Egyptian Army when the armistice was signed. Now, though it is completely cut off from Egypt by the Sinai desert, it is still an Egyptian responsibility. It has a population consisting of 60,000 original Arab inhabitants and 200,000 Arab refugees from Beersheba and the Northern Negev. Most of its few squares miles are sand dunes, and its sole industries are two small textile mills. So the whole population, including the 6,000 children born each year, depends on U.N.R.W.A. and such services as Cairo can provide. Much has been done for them. The last tented camp has been removed. All of them now live in concrete one-room huts, about the size of a pig-sty. Nearly all the children go to school and, owing to the excellent climate, the health statistics are far better than those of Egypt. These Palestinian Arabs are intensely alive and, since they are forbidden entry into Egyptian territory and most of them can see their old homes, they feed on hatred of the Jews and expectation of the "second round." In few places in the world are tragedy and beauty so ironically blended as here in this seaside Arab ghetto. The U.N.R.W.A. officials and the Egyptian soldiers, schoolmasters, doctors and nurses have done more than it is reasonable to demand of human beings, but the net result of their labours is to keep a quarter of a million people just sufficiently alive to hope and to hate.

In Jordan, a few miles away across Israeli territory, the situation is very much worse. Yet this is a British Protectorate, and one might have expected that the Foreign Office would turn it into a show-piece. After all, King Abdulla and the Legion were the only Arabs who stood by us loyally in 1940. Now they face hard times, thanks to the war we encouraged them to begin, the Arabs on both sides of the Jordan deserve our help in irrigating their parched soil, developing their meagre mineral resources and expanding the tourist and pilgrim traffic to Old Jerusalem, to Petra and to Jerash, which could become their main means of support. But no. We can find the money to keep up smart British aerodromes and a nice little military base at Akaba, and we can spend £9,000,000 a year on the Arab Legion. But that leaves only £1,000,000 for economic aid. Under this remote and inhuman kind of British protection, Jordan is becoming a centre of Communist organisation, not to mention the nightly raids on Israeli territory.

There are some people, even in the Labour Party, who imagine that the best way to make amends for the Bevin episode is to admit frankly that we backed the wrong side and to give our support in future to Israel and Turkey, the only two countries in the Middle East which would not at once welcome an invading Russian Army. Support for "gallant little Israel" is quite the mode today among those who, from 1946 to 1948, connived at the cold-blooded plan to force the Jews into submission and then, when that misfired, to let the Arabs drive them into the sea. Indeed, some of these new friends of Israel actually tell us that we cannot withdraw our fighting troops from Egypt because that would be letting the Israeli down!

This attitude is as silly as it is odious. Israel suffers at least as much as her neighbours from the frontier of hatred which hems her in. At a time when capital investment is required to integrate her new settlers into the community and give them a tolerable standard of living, she has to expend a larger proportion of her national income on Defence than any other country in the world, and she is cut off by the Arab economic blockade from the natural markets for her new industries. This does not mean she is threatened with economic collapse. What it does mean is that she is being forced by circumstance to adopt an attitude of aggressive nationalism and to tolerate ruthless retaliation across the frontier. The Zionists came to Palestine to live alongside the Arabs—inspired with the fervent desire to help them advance from feudalism towards freedom. They were determined not to be White settlers among natives, but fellow workers, sharing a common homeland. Now, year by year, they are being driven in self-defence to rely on force, not co-operation, and to turn in on themselves. If there are signs, as there are, of the emergence in Israel of a Jewish imperialism, the cause is claustrophobia engendered by British policy.

So long as Britain occupies the Canal Zone by force, plays off Jew against Arab and leaves to U.N. the problem of making peace and settling the refugees, the situation will go from



"Instant and massive retaliation . . ."

bad to worse. Unless we are prepared to wash our hands of the whole Middle East, as disgracefully as we washed our hands of the Palestine Mandate, what is required of us is proof that we feel some responsibility for the condition of its peoples. A policy for channelling the vast profits of oil into capital investment in land development and irrigation would be one such proof. Another would be the decision to redress the outrageous unbalance between the vast military aid and the pitiable economic aid that we give to Jordan. Most effective of all would be the announcement that Britain, France and America, the three signatories of the 1950 guarantee, were prepared to take over and administer the Gaza strip. Egypt does not want it, and Israel cannot possibly absorb its 260,000 destitute inhabitants. Here the three Western democracies could station a small international token force as a symbol of their determination to prevent a "second round": here they could prove in action that they care about the plight of the Arab refugees. One decent humanitarian action of this kind would do more to pacify the Middle East and help Israel to make peace with her neighbours than all the diplomats and the soldiers have achieved since 1945.

Poverty-Line

In 1942, when Lord Beveridge published his Report, we set ourselves a less ambitious but more specific aim than a land fit for heroes to live in: in post-war Britain, we said, there shall be freedom from want. The benefits of our new social security system shall, at least, "provide the minimum needed for subsistence." We have not yet fulfilled that pledge. The Coalition Government rejected the subsistence scale that Lord Beveridge had worked out in terms, not of money, but of food, clothing and shelter. By the time the Labour Government restored the principle, inflation had overtaken the scale. Since then, social security has been a question of what the State and the contributors could afford; benefits have never in fact been based on the needs of those in misfortune. The inevitable result has been increasing resource to National Assistance.

It is, of course, much easier to say that there should be a "national minimum" than to say what it should be. In the first place, any definition of subsistence is bound to be relative. Tastes and resources change; the growth of the national income and the development of the social services provide amenities for a contemporary pauper that, a generation ago, even a millionaire could not buy. Secondly, any "poverty-line" is certain to be arbitrary. In 1901, Mr. Seebohm Rowntree defined "primary poverty" as inability "to obtain the minimum necessaries for the maintenance of merely physical efficiency," and most social surveys in this century have used modified versions of his poverty-line as their measuring rod. Yet this device only tells us how much a family ought to spend on bare necessities. It is far more stringent and less realistic than Adam Smith's insistence that a man must have, not merely the necessities for "the support of life," but also "whatever the custom of the country renders it indecent for creditable people, even of the lowest order, to be without."

Even at the minimum, people do not spend their incomes in the way that nutrition experts and social scientists think best. What, to a middle-class researcher, may seem a "luxury," may in fact be a desperate necessity to an ageing pensioner, something that will be bought even at the cost of his food or his clothes. It is all very well to say that the Jones family would not be in poverty if Mr. Jones did not smoke fifty cigarettes, drink three pints of beer and bet half-a-crown on the Pools, or if the family ate ewe mutton instead of fish and chips. But if this is "the custom of the country" for "creditable people," the *real* subsistence level may be a good deal higher than any arbitrary one. Because so much of our social science has its roots in charity work of the past, our "scientific" and "moral" attitudes towards poverty are still mixed up. Freedom from want becomes no more than a propaganda phrase if it is assessed in terms of the income that a hypothetical family needs, if it has ascetic tastes and the housewife is an excellent manager, to live from hand to mouth. For a Socialist, at least, "subsistence" must take account of the way poor people actually spend their incomes—something that we should know much more about when the Household Expenditure Enquiry is published in a year or so. Data on spending habits, indeed, are vital, because any definition of subsistence is bound to deal in averages, which are bigger liars than most other statistics, while in real life poverty often arises from the variations from an average.

Despite these disadvantages, however, some such poverty-line as that first worked out by Mr. Rowntree in 1899 has its value. It errs greatly on the side of stringency, as a recent P.E.P. broadsheet showed, and it does not make any allowance for "social poverty" caused by bad housing, irregularity of employment, poor household management or lack of amenities. But, for these very reasons, it is safe to say that any family whose income is at or below the Rowntree scale is going without adequate food, clothing, or shelter, and perhaps all three. In my inquiries in St. Helens, therefore, my test of poverty was an adjusted version of the Rowntree scale, whose details can be found in the York surveys.

The Rowntree budget deals with the family income after deducting rent and National Insurance contributions. It covers, first, a basic diet designed to provide adequate nutrition, (as defined by the B.M.A.), at the lowest possible cost. It assumes that the housewife buys the cheapest and most nourishing foods and prepares them without much waste, and that the family will eat dreary and unvarying meals. For a family of five, for instance, in 1950, it allowed only one egg a week, no fish apart from herrings and kippers, no pies or tripe, no cakes, biscuits or butter, only eighteenpence could be spent for green vegetables and, save four pounds of apples, all fresh fruit. At that time, it cost 47s. 4d. a week to feed two adults and three children on this very low scale. By February of this year, the cost of exactly the same diet had risen to between 64s. and 68s.—the spread being due to local and seasonal variations.

What else did Mr. Rowntree include in his 1950 poverty-line? He allocated, for the five-person family, only 11s. 6d. for all personal sundries. This included one shilling for travel to work—how many workers who must use a bus, train or tram can manage on twice this amount?—and the other 10s. 6d. had to cover beer, tobacco, newspapers, union dues, insurance, visits to relatives or any kind of entertainment. Holidays were out of the question. For household sundries, such as polishes, pans, soaps, towels, sheets and blankets, Mr. Rowntree allocated 6s. a week; fuel was set at 7s. 7d.; the man's clothing costs were put at 6s. 1d., the woman's at 5s. 2d., and each child's at 5s. 6d. Altogether, for a family of five, the poverty-line was set at 100s. a week, after rent and social insurance had been paid. A moment's reflection on this budget is sufficient to show how stringently Mr. Rowntree defined poverty.

My first task was to adjust the poverty-line to 1954 prices. I give the results below, together with the standard rates of National Assistance, and the amounts by which these rates fall below even Mr. Rowntree's definition of subsistence.

SHILLINGS PER WEEK

	Rowntree		Assistance	
	1950	*1954*	1954	*Deficiency*
Woman ..	31	*40*	35	*5*
Man ..	36	*47*	35	*12*
Man & Wife	57	*75*	59	*16*
Couple and—				
1 Child ..	72	*101*	75	*26*
2 Children	86	*118*	88.5	*29.5*
3 Children	100	*135*	99.5	*35.5*
4 Children	114	*152*	113	*39*

(Rent and National Insurance Contributions excluded.)

One should not, of course, argue from this table that everyone at present dependent upon National Assistance payments—about 2,500,000 persons—is necessarily below subsistence level. Local Assistance Officers have discretionary power to pay more than the standard rates which I have used in this table. They must also disregard up to £375 in war savings, up to £75 of other savings, and, in the case of an owner-occupier, the capital value of his house. They also ignore some other sources of income—for instance, earnings up to 10s. a week for non-pensioners and up to 30s. for men and women of pensionable age, as well as any amount over 7s. a week received as payment from adult children as "board and lodging." This is a far cry from the hated household Means Test of the Thirties. Thus, many of those who are actually receiving money from the N.A.B. will have a gross income or resources which will put them above the adjusted poverty-line I have used. Their numbers, however, are not very great; in 1952, less than ten per cent. of those receiving Assistance had other income taken into account, and the average amount was small. Fewer still—about 100,000—had more than £75 of "other savings."

Every year, moreover, more people drawing National Insurance benefits—which are substantially below both the N.A.B. and Rowntree scales—are having to turn to Assistance. This is indeed unavoidable if a family has no other resources: one family in ten drawing sickness or injury benefit, and about one in four of the unemployed and retirement pensioners needs a supplementary payment from the N.A.B. In St. Helens, where the number of Assistance payments has risen from 3,800 in 1949 to 6,000 at the beginning of this year, I estimate that there are at least 8,000 men, women and children (it may be more) who depend on money received from the N.A.B. to keep them at or just above subsistence level.

Their circumstances vary greatly; some may draw Assistance for quite short periods—between jobs or during an illness; some may have good stocks of clothing on which to draw, or a well-furnished home; some, indeed, now the household Means Test has gone, may be living with relatives and enjoy decent amenities, though their cash income may be low enough to qualify them for Assistance.

There may be others—only a proper survey could show how many—who do not seek Assistance, either because they are proud or ignorant, or because they have just enough income or capital to exclude them from help.

In the course of my inquiries, I found a number of households whose income was only a few shillings above the N.A.B. scales. To these must be added others, especially wage-earners with several children below working age. There are railwaymen, general labourers, unskilled workers of many kinds, as well as widows who

have children to support, whose income is very little greater than the Rowntree minimum. As I shall show in later articles, the number who are in the "Poverty Zone" in St. Helens must be considerable; the total may be as much as 10,000, or at least 10 per cent. of the borough's population. If that is a fair estimate, then poverty seems more widespread and more severe than, in our complacency about the Welfare State, we have been willing to admit.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

London Diary

I HAVEN'T any real doubt that Captain Khokhlov was a Soviet agent, or that he carried an ingeniously camouflaged lethal weapon. All civilised countries at one time and another encourage their agents to murder—and Britain is no exception. Indeed, the English ruling class, when it is deprived by war or foreign service of its normal occasions for killing small animals, shows remarkable enthusiasm and talent for cloak-and-dagger work. In the present unnatural situation of Germany gunmen are being used by both sides to take the chill off the Cold War, without heating it to the point of explosion. What interests me most, however, is not all the Hollywood flummery with which the American authorities produced Khokhlov; not the bare-faced way in which they kept him on ice until the eve of the Geneva Conference; not even the tantalising question whether he surrendered or was captured (and was thus encouraged by fear of punishment to add some of the less credible embroideries to his tale): it is the news I hear that Khokhlov's disclosures constitute only a single element in a mass of information recently acquired by Western military Intelligence. The fall of Beria seems to have created a sense of insecurity throughout the Russian Security Service; and it is estimated that the West has found out more about Soviet Intelligence methods in the last six months than in the previous 20 years. Petrov, an M.V.D. man, is another example; while Mrs. Petrov seems to have brought with her an invaluable skill at deciphering, he is said to have arrived with the complete Soviet diplomatic cipher book. No wonder the Ambassador was withdrawn from Canberra. Until new ciphers are distributed, Moscow no longer has any secure means of communication with him.

* * *

William Clark's summary of the Vietnamese issues on Tuesday scarcely reached the required standard of B.B.C. objectivity. He rightly referred to the bravery of the French defenders of Dien Bien Phu, but somehow forgot to say anything of the reckless courage of the Viet-Nam in their long struggle for freedom. He also spoke as if Chinese aid to the Nationalists had preceded American aid to the French, whereas the American aid to France (as *The Times* summary, of April 9, 1954, made clear), preceded organised Chinese aid to Viet-Nam by some two months. Though it has been in progress for more than seven years, the Indo-Chinese war seems to have taken our commentators by surprise. The people of Indo-China are very small in stature but fanatical fighters, and their nationalism has been more violent than that of any other similar movement in Asia. Today they are proud of having begun to build (without any Chinese or American aid) an independent and prosperous regime of their own. The best of French Commanders-in-Chief and High Commissioners in Indo-China, the late Marshal de Lattre de Tassigny, said in 1952: "Viet-Minh practice honesty and insist on literacy. Many young Viet-Nam idealists are going over to them for they not only promise but perform. I must offer something as good." As nothing as good was offered by the French, a passionate loyalty has developed behind Ho Chi Minh. It has behind it the long story of French efforts to suppress the Nationalist movement; and the Viet-Nam leaders have bitter memories. Most of them, including Ho Chi Minh and his relatives, have served prison sentences, while the entire family of Giap, the Commander-in-Chief, have died in the struggle for freedom. His wife died in a French concentration camp. French politicians disregard these things.

* * *

I'm not surprised that the Commission which has been examining charges of corruption in the Gold Coast decided that no case has been made against Mr. Nkrumah and that the chief reason why Mr. Braimah had confessed to taking £2,000 from a contractor was the fear of exposure. I was in the court at Accra last December on the first day of the hearing. The Syrian contractor who was named as the giver of the bribes was sitting in the audience, perspiring, I thought, a good deal more than can have been pleasant for him. Mr. Braimah on the platform seemed to me in a thorough muddle—the sort of muddle that a decent man might well be in who had a reputation for honesty, was conscious of having stepped from the narrow path, and finally brought himself to the stage of public confession because he was thoroughly frightened and miserable about the whole thing.

The Gold Coast is only now really moving into the stage of a full money economy, and it is no surprise if officials are in a muddle about the rival duties of looking after their families' welfare and disinterestedly serving the public. The idea that there is something wrong in an official using his position to improve his family's fortune is new; the ordinary Gold Coast public takes it for granted just as much as the British public assumed (quite rightly) that a job in the Treasury or as Paymaster in the 18th-century England was highly lucrative to the man who held it. The Braimah inquiry will have served a useful purpose if it has brought a larger proportion of the public to expect a higher standard from its servants.

* * *

This year I didn't go to Koenigswinter for the informal gathering of politicians and journalists which the Anglo-German Society organises in each Easter recess. But I hear from those who did that the chief interest was to compare the divisions in the German S.P.D. and the British Labour Party on the issue of German rearmament. Apparently the differences of opinion run along almost exactly the same lines, and even the nuances of the arguments used by the contending factions are curiously similar. On the first day of the Koenigswinter conference Eric Ollenhauer made a speech which delighted Hugh Gaitskell and Philip Noel Baker, since he seemed to be saying quite unambiguously that if E.D.C. in its present form falls through the S.P.D. would support a German contribution to a German "coalition" army. But before the week-end was over Willi Eichler and other Social Democrats had "supplemented" Ollenhauer's remarks with arguments which obviously indicated that in their view the Socialist party was by no means committed to any form of German contribution to Western defence. I shall not be surprised if in the big foreign affairs debate which is soon to take place in the Bundestag, Ollenhauer himself takes over some of these arguments and incorporates them in his speech. The fact is that both the British and the German parties are faced with an uncomfortable choice. Any clear cut statement for or against German rearmament splits them from top to bottom. The only way to maintain unity is for the leader of the party to achieve the impossible by being at one and the same time for and against. Ollenhauer is still very precariously doing this, and I wouldn't be surprised if Mr. Attlee were back riding both horses before the Scarborough Conference begins.

* * *

People are apt to laugh at the suggestion that judicial hanging, so far from acting as a universal deterrent, holds such a loathsome fascination for many unbalanced people as to constitute in extreme cases an actual incentive to killing. Far too many decent men and women, never having bothered to inquire into the relation between sex and pain, have accepted, often reluctantly, the conventional view that society dare not abolish the hangman. I hope all these innocently misguided folk will read and note the unpleasant story, reported in *The Times* last Wednesday, of the conviction at Nottingham of an assistant public hangman for "publishing obscene books and photographs"—apparently of a sadistic nature. The police were first led to investigate the man's activities by an advertisement offering "an old-type hangman's rope in exchange for an antique whip." The clients in this case were stated to be "company directors, a schoolmaster, an incorporated accountant and others who would be ashamed for their identity to be disclosed." Just so. No doubt also they all swell the volume of support for capital punishment—and, being educated people, help to rationalise their own perversions into convincing arguments. This story, incidentally, does much to discredit that other hoary old chestnut of hanging propaganda—the devoted public spirit of those men who can bring themselves, for the sake of a social duty, to accept the office of public hangman.

* * *

I like the spirit of the M.P.s who led a poster parade on Tuesday to advertise the Albert Hall meeting on Friday (April 30) at 7.30 on the H-bomb. It had been called at absurdly short notice. I see that Harold Macmillan, descending like a god from the Ministry of Housing, happened to run into the parade at the bottom of the steps. Having to think of something to say quickly he congratulated Fenner Brockway on being "true to his cause." An infelicitous phrase when the cause is the continued existence of all of us.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Hundreds of offers from Britain have poured in at the French Foreign Legion headquarters here from volunteers wishing to join in the defence of Dien Bien Phu and Indo-China. One Englishman wrote saying he would be glad to spend his holidays from June to October fighting in Indo-China.—*Daily Telegraph.* (F. Wyatt.)

Dr. R. S. Lee, Vicar of the University Church of St. Mary the Virgin, declared that divorced people were social failures and added: "It may be that they ought to be deprived of the vote."—Report in *Manchester Guardian.* (Mrs. D. J. Taylor.)

The teenager, without knowing why, can find in the modern palais de danse something like a reconstruction of the perfect conditions of life within the mother's body.—*Sunday Pictorial.* (John A. Cotton.)

WASHING DAY

They're washing dirty linen in Washington today,
Where only spotless shirtfronts must be seen;
They're lathering the laundry in a very public way
In suds of the Republican machine.
The wash, if handled lightly
And dirtied only slightly,
Will soon emerge immaculately clean.

The white stuffed-shirts paraded for Pentagon defence
Conservatism with crispness must combine,
And after gentle soaping at the national expense
Will flutter fresh and fragrant on the line.
More powerful detergent
Is definitely urgent
For linen of McCarthy, Cohn and Schine.

The Subcommittee's bosoms are so obviously soiled
They are obliged more pressure to exert,
And Army washerwomen state, however often boiled,
No process can eliminate the dirt.
But Government Security
Can guarantee the purity
Of every snowy Secretarial shirt.

The State investigation of impounded laundry-bags
Shows neither lot is free from smear and stain;
Scrubbed and rubbed and mangled—even torn to rags
Some mud-spots are unfortunately plain.
This dubious collection
Reveals on close inspection
How dirty dirty linen can remain.

Official shirts in Washington, exposed to public view
Are far from gleaming bright as driven foam.
In spite of all Republicans and Senators could do
They're all a grubby, greyish monochrome.
And what's the story's moral?
That Party chiefs may quarrel,
But dirty linen should be washed at home.

SAGITTARIUS

All Absolutely God-guided

FRANK BUCHMAN should thank God for Geoffrey Williamson. He has reported* on Buchmanism with absolute truth and honesty. An experienced journalist, by no means prejudiced against Moral Rearmament, he was invited to spend a quiet time at Mountain House, Caux, the superbly situated and luxurious centre of this most hospitable of modern religions. At first he was suitably impressed, then critical and finally disillusioned. So honest and truthful was he that he showed his notes to his sponsors. They replied by rather crudely stepping up their propaganda and reinforcing it with soft soap and agreeable dinner-parties. When it became clear that Mr. Williamson was not to be diverted from his God-guided path, his articles (eventually published in *John Bull*) were "scooped" by a panegyric of Buchmanism, written by one of their own leading propagandists in a rival weekly magazine. When, in 1950, a proof copy of his book was sent to the Group, they replied with legal objections, and in 1952 finally persuaded the prospective publishers to withdraw it, paying them a sum of money in compensation. It is now published by another publisher in somewhat modified form, and with new material bringing the story up to date, especially on the financial side.

Let me, like Mr. Williamson, begin by being absolutely fair to the Buchmanites. I made some effort to understand them in the 'thirties, when, it must be added, they made some effort to gather me into the fold. The idea that all of us should sit down first thing in the morning with pencil and pad and compel ourselves, in a spirit of truth, purity and love, to consider the part we should play during the day, is simple and admirable. Nor do I doubt that many naturally sceptical people find it helpful, as one of the leading Buchmanites suggested to me, to accept God "at least as a hypothesis." This seems to me a revival of prayer in the one sense in which prayer has ever had efficacy and meaning. Those who learn the technique and use it sincerely acquire the habit of concentrating their thoughts, freeing themselves from chance desires, clarifying their motives, and, as a result, acting with less selfishness and self-deception. The "change" wrought by Buchmanism has thus often been real among people who have not before been accustomed to test their lives on any such standards.

The key to much of Buchman's success was made clear to me by a businessman. He explained that one of his salesmen had done his job so badly that before his "change" he would have sacked him out of hand. Now, however, he had had a "heart-to-heart talk with his employee, discovered his domestic troubles, lent him some money (which had been duly repaid), and as a result, had found in his erring salesman a magnificent money-getter. God, he said, had wonderfully prospered his business since he had changed. I could see that Buchmanite principles might be both morally and financially valuable. I also noticed, with Mr. Williamson, that it was

> the Buchmanites' unswerving policy to cultivate the wealthy and the influential and to display less concern for the under-dog. A small nucleus of ordinary folk, miners, steel workers, shipyard hands and others were included, to be sure, and some of these were put forward on the platform at every opportunity. But I noticed that the individuals selected in this respect were usually men in key positions in their industries—shop stewards, union officials or people who might be expected to influence their fellow-workers.

Much, Mr. Williamson adds, was made of any individual's connections with the aristocracy. There may be a basis of truth in my favourite story of the lady who said she was so grateful to Dr. Buchman because he had introduced her "not only to Jesus Christ, but also to the Queen of Rumania."

At Caux, Mr. Williamson was at first almost overwhelmed by the efficiency, brightness and universal friendliness among people of different races and colours. But soon he was gasping for air. There was something artificial about so much cheerfulness. He asked permission to go to the top of a mountain with an acquaintance who was not wholly "changed." At the last minute, this companion was inexplicably detained, and his regular sponsor and bear-leader took his place. He asked himself why these people should not be jolly? They were happily isolated from the problems that depress and perplex most of the world. They lived free in surroundings of the utmost beauty and luxury. It was no hardship to spend some hours of the day working in the kitchen or serving at table. One of his informants had been given a big car by someone who had "been changed in a rather wonderful way." The group which dined privately with Dr. Buchman ate meals such as Mr. Williamson, a privileged guest on occasion, had never before even imagined. He had been told—and the official literature of the Movement confirmed it—that no appeals for funds were ever made by Buchmanites. He was present at a gathering where such an appeal was made by a prominent Canadian businessman, where everyone contributed generously. No loopholes were allowed.

> Those without Swiss currency or who had left their cheque books behind were given prepared slips bearing addresses in America, Australia, Britain, France, Ireland and New Zealand, to which financial contributions could be sent on their return home. The fact that these slips had been run off on a duplicator seems to suggest that this practice was a fairly regular one.

Mr. Williamson adds that full-time Buchmanites who have given up their normal occupations are always well-dressed and live in much comfort. There is no objection to gifts in cash or kind. "The system is recognised by those in power. It is thus always open to the full-time worker to do the best he can for himself. If he can 'change' some wealthy sponsor, and if in gratitude that sponsor chooses to make him a regular allowance and presents him with a motor car to further his work, that is entirely his own affair." The finances of the Group, as such, are properly audited, "but personal gifts from one person to another are a private matter, and are no more subject to enquiry than private gifts to private persons anywhere. The recipients feel no compunction about accepting these gifts; the slogan is 'where God guides, He provides.'" For the rest, in an interesting summary of several perfectly legitimate methods of raising funds for Moral Rearmament, Mr. Williamson remarks that much money is raised—and often in goods, if not cash—from countries which are, in effect, told: "Pay-up! Or the Communists will get you." In summarising the work of Dr. Buchman himself, Mr. Williamson remarks: "Buchman's final touch of genius lies in the way in which he has organised the Movement's finances. Wealth can flow into Group coffers from all over the world, yet no one can question the stewardship."

Mr. Williamson was much disturbed by the feast of sentimental drivel—no weaker word could be justified—which was poured out at an "Assembly." Special efforts were made to ensure his attendance. The mental age of the speeches, like that of the lucrative Buchmanite revue *The Good Road*, which he describes in detail, was about what is expected from readers of Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Apparently there are few disputes not soluble by avoiding any reference to the real cause of the dispute. As the Buchmanite song goes: "Sorry is a magic little word." Differences between employers and employees are all smoothed away by kindness, once they have learned to see through the machinations of the lady called Miss Trust, who, oddly enough, appears on the stage dressed entirely in Red.

The impression left by Mr. Williamson is that ugly facts about the world are not stressed at the College of the Good Road, as their training organisation is called. The curriculum appears to include little or no intellectual content or serious mental training. It just teaches everybody how to be happy, anti-Socialist and God-guided. One morning Mr. Williamson discovered that not everyone at Caux was happy. A girl whom he had heard weeping bitterly in the early morning appeared the same evening on the platform and explained, to the horror of the audience, that it was not true that her whole united family was "changed." She, herself, was prepared to give M.R.A. a trial, but she "didn't like it" and couldn't bring herself to the point of sacrificing her individuality. That, Mr. Williamson explains, is what every devotee is required to do. So many people fall under the spell of Caux just because "almost everything combines to stifle free thought. From the moment of arrival the average visitor is under the wing of one Buchmanite or another, and propaganda or ready-made slogans are pumped into his ear incessantly." Many conversations with changed sinners con-

* *Inside Buchmanism*. By GEOFFREY WILLIAMSON. *Watts*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

vinced him that few people could withstand the psychological and physical atmosphere of propaganda and uplift.

Mr. Williamson gives a fascinating account of Dr. Buchman himself. He is a past master at the art of coining slogans. He seems to be a born advertisement writer. He saw Hitler and other dictators as possible sources of world happiness if they could only be, apparently slightly, "changed"; and he invented the phrase Moral Rearmament at the critical moment of 1939. The phrase proved a best seller, like his many former slogans about God-guidance. Economics he reduces to the principle that there is "enough in the world for everyone's needs, but not for everyone's greed," and his conversation is bespattered with such jingles. "The Oxford Group is a big lake where a lamb can wade and an elephant can swim." "God-controlled super-nationalism is the only sure foundation for world peace." "Why not a spiritual radio-phone in every home?" Such slogans appeal, it seems, really to big business firms which make large appropriations for Moral Rearmament just as they do for other forms of insurance and advertisement.

Mr. Williamson is cautious in assessing Buchmanite influence. M. Schuman (of the Schuman Plan) is believed to be directly influenced by Dr. Buchman and one recalls that Himmler was said to be an adherent—though in his case Dr. Buchman would probably agree that his God-guidance was imperfect, since he excluded from the category of absolute love, not only the Communists and Socialists but also liberals, pacifists and Jews. I am sure Dr. Buchman, who is clearly a kind man, totally disapproves of such methods. Indeed in the case of the Jews he expressed in terms his disagreement with the theory that the only method of changing them was that adopted at Auschwitz. But Mr. Williamson makes an important point when he points to the increasing part played by politics in Buchmanism, and the comparatively slight emphasis laid upon the Christian religion. He remarks that the young men and women who are trained at the College of the Good Road often leave it in a "fanatical" frame of mind, and he quotes from a Group prospectus: "Today Communist China is but one of the countries being run by those trained twenty years ago in ideological schools in Moscow." To meet this challenge, Buchmanites are not taught that social changes are necessary lest Communism is adopted as the only method of liberation, nor are they armed against Communism except with the nauseating doctrine that there are no real issues that must be faced or that cannot be cleared away by slogans. But here perhaps I wrong Dr. Buchman; perhaps he makes an exception to this rule in the case of the Cold War. It certainly seems likely that the prospectus points to a militant purpose when it says that: "The aim of the College of the Good Road is to turn out officer-statesmen in the war of ideas, equipped with an answering ideology, based on absolute moral standards and the guidance of God."

There are snags in a purely emotional ideology. Self-deception about the nature of the change wrought in a convert is lamentably easy. A friend of mine recently travelling in Africa talked to an African Buchmanite who was regarded as responsible and pro-European, in fact a valuable and influential changeling. He said that matters were improving in Central Africa. The Bishop had started an inter-racial Club and "that would help." So would the progress of Moral Rearmament; "that would help." "So would Mau Mau. It frightened them and that would help too."

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Glimpses of the Irish Moon

I. On the Road to County Mayo

At Pettigoe, by Lough Erne, the Eireann Customs officer strolled amiably the length of the almost empty west-bound train, entered our compartment with a mildly inquiring eye, and surveyed our two small battered suitcases, lent (I suppose) a little *bourgeois* respectability by the accompanying bundle of fishing rods. "Would that be all, now? No furniture? Then you'll not be settling in Eire?" I explained that I was just revisiting the glimpses of a moon last seen by me twenty-five years ago, and that we formed no part of what Ireland calls the English "Retreat from Moscow." Having discovered that Sweet Afton cigarettes (very good, and 2s. 4d. for 20 in the South) are a popular smoke in Enniskillen, and that young heifers in the Armagh market are often apt to low with a Monaghan accent, I asked the leisurely Garda if smuggling was rife. "Terrible, terrible," he said. "Not on the trains: on the uncontrolled roads and across Lough Melvin. But if it weren't, where in God's name would our job be?" Persuaded—a little sadly, I thought—that we had no furniture, he departed politely: the train rolled down to Bundoran, where ice-green breakers marched in procession against a deserted beach; doors and windows were being given a fresh coat of red paint against the coming of summer tourists; and, over beyond Donegal Bay, the Blue Stack Mountains slept with a wisp of soft cloud round their tops.

Later, in County Mayo, I was to hear more of the problem of frontiers and furniture; for there, by a great lough on the edge of Joyces Country, I came upon the Featherbies, a completely charming and (you may say) completely mad family, who had forsaken a comfortable home in Antrim in order to camp, with three truckle beds, one table and three packing cases for chairs, in a huge, unfurnished mansion by the waters of Corrib. Featherbie, a retired architect, had visited the lough in March; caught (for the first time in his life) a salmon, and one of gigantic size; rented next day, for a song, the great, empty lough-side house; wired his family to join him. Furniture? Well, nobody could say what the Customs' attitude to a "move" from Antrim would be; tomorrow was also a day; and though Mrs. Featherbie, I fancied, had moments of doubt as to the sanity of this logistically unplanned migration, Featherbie and his son were happily engrossed in the pursuit of large, elusive lough trout. With the May-fly season ahead, they recked little of missing sticks and carpets: they had "gone places," this time, to their innermost satisfaction. And who shall call them mad? As men age, they take a new mistress only to be rid of the tedium of the last, travel only to escape the *accidie* of life at home; and that becomes a foretaste of hell. As a compelling motive, big salmon at least make sense.

*

I had journeyed towards Connemara circuitously, by Ulster and Donegal, because I wanted to revisit the home of Irish linen. My greatest treat as a small and impecunious Scots boy, more years ago than I care to admit, was to visit friends of my mother who were "big people" in the then prosperous Belfast linen industry: they had a house of Victorian magnificence on the coast under Slieve Bignian, and a fine yacht in Dundrum Bay. That moon has waned: the family of my youthful admiration has died out; their firm is now buried, after financial troubles, in an amalgamation; and Belfast linen is facing an anxious future. There has been a welcome recovery from the slump of 1952-53, when 25 per cent. of Ulster's 50,000 linen operatives were on the dole; but production is little more than one-third of what it was in my childhood, and the blue flax-fields and retting dams are no longer a great feature in Irish agriculture, since the bulk of the raw material is now imported from Belgium.

The fault, dear Brutus? Not in loss of quality, nor did it seem to me—though people talk of the complacent conservatism of Belfast—through lack of enterprise. In the mills I visited, fabric was being woven—fine plain weave, twill and Jacquard satin-weave damasks—whose standards would have won applause from Louis Crommelin, that Huguenot refugee who "directed" and built up, under William and Mary, the industry which Strafford and the Protectorate had fostered in Ulster so that Irish woollens should not irk the English woollen industry. Design, in pattern and dye-colour, struck me as, on the whole, progressive, and now and then as catching real beauty. The great pioneers of the industry, such as Coulson of Lisburn, and Andrews of Ardoyne, would have nothing but praise for the experimental work which is being done to improve both fibre and fabric by the industry's Research Association and by the Linen Guild.

The trouble is that linen costs, and is always bound to cost, more than cotton; and its great claim—"linen lasts"—is not merely echoed by new man-made fibres like nylon and terylene, but makes less than its old appeal in a world whose middle *bourgeoisie* both counts pennies and takes views shortened by the unpredictable Bomb. Linen is in no danger of dying out as a fabric. It has great qualities—strength, cool smoothness of touch, and capacity to take on the loveliest of dye-colour; and the Research Association is striving to increase its crease-resistance, an important factor in dress material. But, as I see it, in an age cursed with destructive and costly laundries and increasingly attracted by new fabrics which can be washed and dried (without ironing) in an hour or so, the market for linen is permanently limited.

*

If that care-free Victorian yacht of my childhood no longer cruised off the Mountains of Mourne, time seemed to me to have changed little in the Six Counties—and healed little. During my stay, the Ulster Press was full of the Republican "outrage" at Fintona, a tiny town connected with the Omagh-Enniskillen railway by a branch line whose rolling-stock is one tram-like coach, with seats on the roof, drawn by a patient horse. Had not the "Shinners" made a film and shown it in London, which made out that every new house in Fintona was allocated to a Protestant, while big Catholic families had to put up with hovels? Was that not a black libel? And would it not be true to say that, if there were an anti-Partitionist majority on the Rural Council, no Protestant in Fintona would have a roof over his head at all?

Where did truth lie? I confess I never investigated, being sure I should have got as dusty an answer as I often did in Ulster from cheerful fanatics who assured me they had "Plantation descent", though I suspect that many of them had granddads who cut peat in Connaught. But let me not imply that it is only at the bottom of Ulster wells that Hibernian truth lies deep, and no one cares. Is there not the grand story of justice and the *Sunday Times*? As we journeyed south from Bundoran by the country buses of *Córas Iampair Eireann*—past Killala Bay, where the French once landed, past the pyramid of Nephin and the grey waters of Lough Conn—friendly conversations

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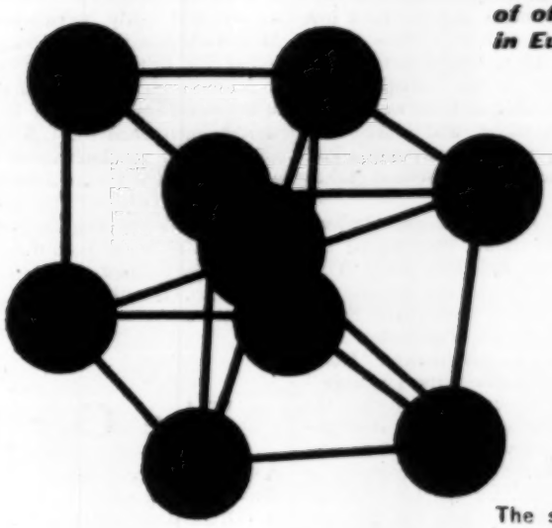

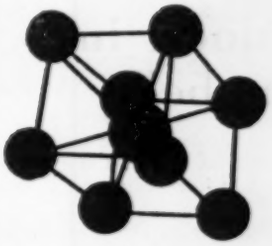

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which revealed that I was a London journalist were apt to bring in the name of Miss Honor Tracy, and wasn't she the grand girl?

"Do you mean you think what she wrote was true?" I would ask.

"Indeed, no," would be the reply. "I expect it was all terrible lies, though I never heard tell what she wrote, and about a holy priest, too. But wasn't it a great and splendid thing, getting all that money from an English newspaper?"

Eire, as I shall show, has changed in twenty-five years. But not all that much.

AYLMER VALLANCE

Afternoon in Montebello

WHEN the Mayor of Montebello heard there was a British newspaperman in his town of twenty thousand souls, he told the secretary of the Christian Democrat Party that he was very busy and regretted he would not be able to see the correspondent. The correspondent had not, in fact, asked to see the Sindaco, but the news had travelled quickly through Montebello's political channels. The Mayor added that, if the correspondent ever happened to pass through Montebello again, he would be welcomed in the Mayor's office.

Hardly had this odd message reached the Christian Democrat Headquarters, where we were consuming cognac—the Saragat Socialists having been called in for the occasion—when the door opened, and everybody stood up, with the word "Il Sindaco" on their lips. The Mayor said that he had been rushing past, on his way to a Council meeting, and had just two minutes to spare. He then sat down opposite me, poured himself a cognac (for he was a Christian Democrat) and stayed for two hours. He said some valuable things which deserve to be recorded. They were valuable because I had heard them so many times before in Italy.

Before I had even finished spelling my Christian name, explaining that it was *not* pronounced like "Duce," he had said: "Why do the British sell iron to Tito at five lire a kilo when they charge Italy one hundred lire for it?" I informed the Mayor that I was not acquainted with these economic facts, whereupon he assured me that they had been furnished him by the provincial Camera di Commercio. At that, the young Christian Democrat secretary, who was a great realist, filled the glasses up hastily. (I later found out that most of his political activity consisted of getting his "activists" to steal documents from the Neo-Fascists.) The Mayor drank, smacked his lips, sighed, and said, "Ah, yes. What we are all waiting for is justice for Trieste."

"The Trieste problem is a very complicated one," I said cautiously. The Mayor shrugged his shoulders. "What is there complicated about it?" he asked. "Trieste is Italian and that's all there is to it." Having looked round to see the satisfaction this was calculated to have caused among the Italians present, he began to wag his finger at me violently. "We know you English," he said. "One can forgive the Americans because they are ingenuous. But you British . . . you rogues . . . you wolves. . . ." With his free hand the Mayor pressed my arm across the table in a friendly way, as though to tell it not to take too much notice of what the other hand was saying. Everybody roared with laughter. Once more it had been confirmed that the British were rogues and wolves, and that the Americans were child's play in comparison. Everybody drank, and the young Christian Democrat secretary, who had not shared in the general merriment, filled up the glasses again.

"Perhaps you have not been in Italy long enough to realise one thing," continued the Mayor, and this time he was most ponderous and serious. "We Italians are a sentimental people. And that is what the British have never understood. Injure our sentiments and you have lost us. . . ." I had a vision of Italy as some tender virgin being pursued by a brutal satyr called England, on the shores of the Adriatic. The Mayor leaned over the table, as if he were about to divulge some great secret, and said: "We Italians are a good people. We are not a bad people." After that one, we drank several glasses one after the other.

"As for Yugoslavia," said the Mayor, "Italians are disgusted that Tito should have pulled the wool over England's eyes with such ease. That people can't be trusted. They're just a mixture of barbaric races, always killing each other, Serbs, Macedonians, Croats, Slovenes, Ruthenians. . . ."

"Ruthenians?" I asked in wonderment. "Don't they come from somewhere near the Ukraine?" The Mayor was not put out of his stride. He merely put my objection aside, as one does the protests of a child. "They're all Slavs," he said darkly. There was more drinking, I suspect to the destruction of all the Slav peoples. "If we Italians don't like the British"—the Mayor's finger wagged at me again—"it's not that we don't like them; it's just that we know they don't like us." I tried to laugh this one off. "Oh, it's just that the British miners don't like to lose their wives," I said.

After all this, the atmosphere cleared considerably; and by the time one of the junior members of the Christian Democrat Party had slipped in "But we did the dirty on you in Persia" (greeted by loud, appreciative laughter in which I was expected to join, and did), we were all excellent friends.

The Mayor presently proposed that we took a turn round the square and had a look at the Roman church. When, however, we reached the corner of the square, where stood the Osteria dei Cacciatori, the dignified visit to the city broke up rapidly and the Mayor was dragged inside to buy drinks all round, at the expense of the Commune. In a corner of the Osteria, a group of old men were playing cards. One of them, who had a sharp-pointed white beard, was pointed out as the leader of Montebello's Neo-Fascist Party. The Mayor nudged me and said he would introduce me. "Something of an extremist," he described the elderly bearded gentleman, "but a real patriot."

When the bearded man was told that I was British, he opened his mouth three times like a fish, then screamed, "God strike General Winterton dead!" He screamed it three times: "*Dio stramaledica il Generale Winterton!*" Then there was silence, and he continued with his card game. "A real patriot," I muttered, as the Mayor of Montebello hustled me back to the bar.

It was time to leave Montebello. I had come with the intention of investigating social conditions, of finding out the relative strength of the "free" and the Communist-controlled unions. As elsewhere, the Christian Democrats assured me that Communism was in full retreat, and that the workers would never take their orders from Moscow. As elsewhere, when we got down to figures, it emerged that the pro-Moscow trade union had several thousand more registered members than its rival pro-Western trade union in this province.

The optimists, like the Mayor, said this was only because the pro-Moscow workers were forced to register, while the democratic workers only registered with a trade union when they felt like it. The pessimists said that, until Trieste was given back to Italy, Communism would continue to advance, because without Trieste, there was no standard under which to gather the patriotic forces. Be that as it may, I was dangerously full of Latin wine when I left Montebello on the evening autobus. My overwhelming impression of Montebello was that everybody had his mind too full of the British. Britain occupied a place in their minds which was out of all proportion to the actual world importance of Britain today. They scarcely mentioned the U.S. or the U.S.S.R.

Meditation was interrupted by the conductor, who asked me if I were a foreigner. "English," I said. "We Italians," he said, smiling, "are annoyed with the English. We are not a bad people. . . ." I had been through it all too many times to be tolerant. I told him to shut up and let me get on with my book. It was *La Divina Commedia.*

BRUCE RENTON

The Car Snob

AN acquaintance of mine called Abel Kohn killed himself in a car which he had designed and called the Grant-Belsey. He was doing one hundred and sixty miles an hour at the time, as he told me in the ambulance on the way from the track to the hospital. I was there because he had told me about the car: he said he invented it when he was thirteen. I daresay it was true; nobody liked Abel, but they said he was *clever*. He was, too.

When he was nearly thirteen, his father sent him to school in the Canton of Valais, having the same ideas as some hundred of other wealthy tradesmen all over Europe and America who sent their sons there to learn French and German and *dactylographie* and when to write *agréez mes salutations distinguées* at the bottom of letters. Abel said that the school was a racket; he also said that he was very lonely and homesick there.

"Jewish kids are coddled. I thought the end of the world had come because I had to go from home. It made me very patriotic."

"Patriotic?"

He explained that he found relief in insisting passionately on his Englishry; it cannot have been difficult, he was as fair as a Swede, with china-blue eyes. But there was a crypto-Jew from Paris at the school, Brémont by name, who seems to have had a nasty nature and who sometimes yelled at Abel, *Toi, anglais? Sale youpin!* I asked Abel what he had done about this, and he said he had done what he supposed was very British—apparently his father used to urge him to "be a little Briton"—and assaulted Brémont and got badly knocked about and made to cry.

"The thing was," Abel said, rather shockingly I thought, "I considered *youpins* a bit *sales* myself." I had to ask him if he still thought so, and he said no, he did not, and as between being a Jew and a fool he preferred the first alternative.

However, about the car. Abel had, he said, two brothers and a sister. "One of the things we did when we were children was to make a hierarchy of cars." He meant that, being interested in cars and able to recognise almost every marque at a glance, they liked to think that there was a "best" car in the world and a "worst" and that between these extremes they could make a list in order of merit. Their father had an Austin, but he only just failed to have a Daimler several times. Abel said that he had never shaken off the influence of this hierarchy and, had he been rich, would have owned a Rolls-Royce and

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D229 **'OUT OF PEDIGREE COMES PACE'**

suffered uneasiness lest, perhaps, it ought to have been an Hispano-Suiza. Because, for some reason, possibly the length and exotic locutions of its name, the children believed that the Hispano-Suiza was the "best" car in the world; but this was far from being a source of satisfaction: the marque never quite fitted the children's scheme, it mortified their patriotism by preventing them from putting Rolls-Royce definitely first, and did not make up for it by yielding to their minds a clear motor car personality. Thus, the name Hispano-Suiza did not appear quite automatically at the head of their list, any recitation of which would begin complacently "Rolls-Royce" to be interrupted doubtfully with, "Wait a minute silly, you're forgetting Hispano-Suiza." Other marques were a source of annoyance by failing to fit the scheme. American cars had a tiresome otherness: cars *de facto*, were they, in the children's idea, cars *de jure?*

"God knows," Abel said, "where we got it all! And what were our criteria for fixing place in the hierarchy?"

"Opulence," I said.

"Too simple. Like all children of course we wanted a fixed, clear stable order. The Hispano-Suiza disturbed us like a sin of omission. And there was another . . . oh, yes, the Isotta-Fraschini."

This marque was their worst trial because they had never so much as seen one, but some friend of Abel's had told them that it was *easily* the best car by *miles*. What were they to do with it? Intolerable to reduce Rolls-Royce to the ignominy of third place. The Isotta-Fraschini hung about their neat tight system like some wild, experimental painter suspected of genius, whose mere existence undermines the complacency of sober academicians.

When Abel had been at school for a term he settled down into what he described as "tolerable unhappiness." It was the state of mind which would obtain during most of his life: he was for ever conscious of Pascal's image of man's condition, of chained prisoners waiting their turn for execution, to which he added from his own pessimism, "and all hating each other, convinced that, with one outrageous exception, the sentence is just." The cruelty of Brémont, and his own hard integrity by which he was obliged to accept as mere truths many of the taunts flung at him as insults, gave him a premature gravity which did him no good at all with the gang of high-spirited young plutocrats among whom he found himself. He was bored by sports, annoyed by the Anglophobia of some school-fellows and the anti-Semitism of others. "I would," he admitted to me, "have given a great deal for the friendship of the most despised of my schoolfellows."

The school was visited weekly by a barber who did his work in one of the washrooms. Abel was waiting his turn there, with a Rumanian boy who used scent and powder and was ice-hockey champion, while a Bolivian whom he described as "unwholesomely sophisticated" was having his hair cut. "They were talking German. I was fluent in French, but I was not making good progress in German, which was another social handicap because our "bloods" were a German princeling and the son of an Austrian millionaire."

Abel's occasional and, I fancy, rather desperate advances could always be checked and mortified by a sudden switch from the amiable lucidity of French to the mocking obscurity of German. He strove to deny, as well as to overcome, this disability. "And, in fact, I could follow a conversation in German fairly well. This pair, when I was waiting for a haircut, were talking about cars." And suddenly he was moved and warmed by painful memories of home. For it seemed that these other boys had their hierarchy of cars, although their list and terms of reference were different, and speed their criterion.

Several motives, then, prompted Abel to break into the conversation: he wanted to show that, far from being ignorant of the local *Herrensprache*, he could take part in a German conversation; he wanted to force into their list at least one of the marques to which his own loyalty was engaged, although basely and cravenly ready to exchange a brief moment of being *allowed in* against the first places in the list, yielded to such aliens as Mercédes and Bugatti. He did so want to count for something, to see his entry accepted, with however condescending and graceless a Rumano-Bolivian shrug. So, he broke into the conversation with something like "But I say, you haven't even mentioned . . . . ."

The formidable Bolivian did not let him finish but told him, in French, to shut his snout. "I suppose you want to recount histories about your Rolls-Royce. But it is a hearse, your Rolls-Royce! And then, who has asked your opinion?"

Silent resignation would have been wise, but Abel, perhaps encouraged by the relative mildness of the snub, said: "Who said anything about Rolls-Royce? It was the . . . the Grant-Belsey I meant." It seems Grant was the name of his mother's cook and Belsey of his father's chauffeur. This instantaneous invention was effective: neither of the others had, of course, heard of the car, their collector's passion was roused, and almost at once they dropped their hostility to listen to a description of the Grant-Belsey, a car of which only six examples had, it seemed, been made. I forget the full specification; no doubt it was long and low with a multiplicity of cylinders—it was, Abel told them, capable of one hundred and fifty miles an hour—"a fantastic speed in those days,"—and the Rumanian, charged with suspicion, exclaimed: "Two hundred kilometres! You're lying."

But they did believe, because they wanted to believe in such speed, such progress, in a machine so powerful and so expensive, just as a pious person wants indefinitely to extend the power of God. Yet why had they not heard of this car? Its trials had been secret, it was not yet ready publicly to break records. Grant, the designer's son, was Abel's friend, so he had seen the car, ridden in it, and—a brilliant stroke this—seen it kill its first driver. Yes, he assured his now eager audience, the Grant-Belsey was too powerful, too fast, a killer! And there was, for them, an extra satisfaction in the arrogance of a machine which required human sacrifice. Abel said: "As there is for all of us in the divinely colossal destructive powers of the things we make now."

Abel lived the rest of his time at the school, which was five terms, on carefully rationed releases of information relative to the Grant-Belsey, the existence of which changed his status very much for the better. If the postponements of public trials aroused suspicion, the mass of circumstantial detail about the car calmed it again. "And the fact is, having to keep producing details, I read nothing but internal combustion engines, transmission and suspension systems for a year and a half. I thought and brooded and dreamed of that car. It was impossible not to conceive improvements, given that degree of concentration. And all this in order to be accepted by people I detested and despised! I began with a name; I ended, two years after I came down from Cambridge, with seven patents which I sold, and which have kept me comfortable ever since."

Since that satisfied him as an engineer, a practical mathematician, it was not the fact of his head being full of his contrivances that forced him actually to build the car. I asked him about that, and he said: "There are more ways than one in which thought compels action. My thought was still of the chaps at school—Brémont, Uruella, von Scholtz and the rest. God, how I loathed them: I tell you it was impossible to leave them with the smug certainty that I'd made up the whole thing because I was afraid of them, or of being excluded by them."

The rest, perhaps even his loss of control of the car, his letting it kill him, after a series of international records had been broken, is obvious. Naturally, I never pointed out that the school would have forgotten his name and his invention within a month of his leaving. I don't know why; he would have done it to me, if our cases had been reversed.

EDWARD HYAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

TEARING A STRIP

THERE are few things so uncomfortable as sitting among an audience audibly and vociferously enjoying itself whilst oneself isolated in a welter of dispirited boredom. This was my unhappy experience at *The Teahouse of the August Moon*, the American success now on view at Her Majesty's Theatre. It is hardly possible to have missed the advance publicity on this play, and this is an initial disadvantage since it contains nothing that cannot be compressed into one mimeographed sheet of hand-out. The subject is admittedly attractive—Americans laughing at their own heavy-handed attempt to impose the American way of life on a simple, primitive people. A Colonel, proud of the record of his occupation team, sends a new young captain down to the extreme end of the Island to govern a small village, first priming him with the instructions issued from Washington for the purpose of teaching the natives democracy. The young man, under the tutelage of his charming but slippery Interpreter, soon falls victim to the Islanders' way of life and goes charmingly native.

The theme is one that lends itself readily to amusing treatment, but in practice it has hardly been treated at all. Not one idea is added to that outline, not one twist or subtlety. There is just the outline spread uncommonly thin over three acts, moving abysmally slowly and with a leaden humour. *The Teahouse* is in just the same tradition as *Mister Roberts* was, that is, the pace and obviousness of a musical without the intermittent relief of the music. It is about as subtle and as witty as a strip cartoon. Indeed, the strip cartoon is, I suspect, the begetter of this regrettable branch of the contemporary American Theatre. Its appeal is exactly the same. It is divided into a series of scenes, each carrying one, and only one, very simple and obvious point. What this point is to be is clear to the alert ten seconds after the lights go up, but it will take ten minutes for the scene to lurch laboriously and ponderously forward to the long-awaited blackout, and there is never on the way any slightest unexpected divagation from the simple point.

I must repeat that I am solitary in this opinion. The audience rocked, and declared it the funniest and most charming show in years. And I have to add that the production, such as it was, was remarkably sure and expert. There is as much acting as there is in, say, *The King And I*, with which it has much in common, but the Interpreter, Mr. Eli Wallach, triumphed over the monotony of his opening to win my grudging admiration for his timing and his charm. A very good dinner and a very low boring point might make the piece tolerable to some. But to me it is amazing that the nation who invented the wisecrack could bear to sit patiently for the three

jokes of the evening (one for each act) to catch, smoke damply and then quietly fizzle out.

No doubt American visitors—who are flocking to our *Teahouse*, because theirs on Broadway is fully booked for goodness knows how long—would find *Waiting for Gillian* as dozey and dumsey and corney as I find their *Teahouse*. And certainly it has come out at the St. James's as a very old-fashioned kind of play. I remember the novel from which it is taken (*A Way Through The Wood*, by Nigel Balchin) sufficiently clearly to be able to recognise the source—but only just. Mr. Balchin's brisk tale had, above everything, the contemporary gloss. The effect of his style was to make a moral problem seem a particularly modern problem—his special virtue lying in his portrayal of thoroughly recognisable, thoroughly up-to-date types. Mr. Ronald Millar, in adapting for the stage, has somehow entirely missed this, and given us instead a well-planned narrative conducted by very familiar stage types. A matinée play, then, but good of its type.

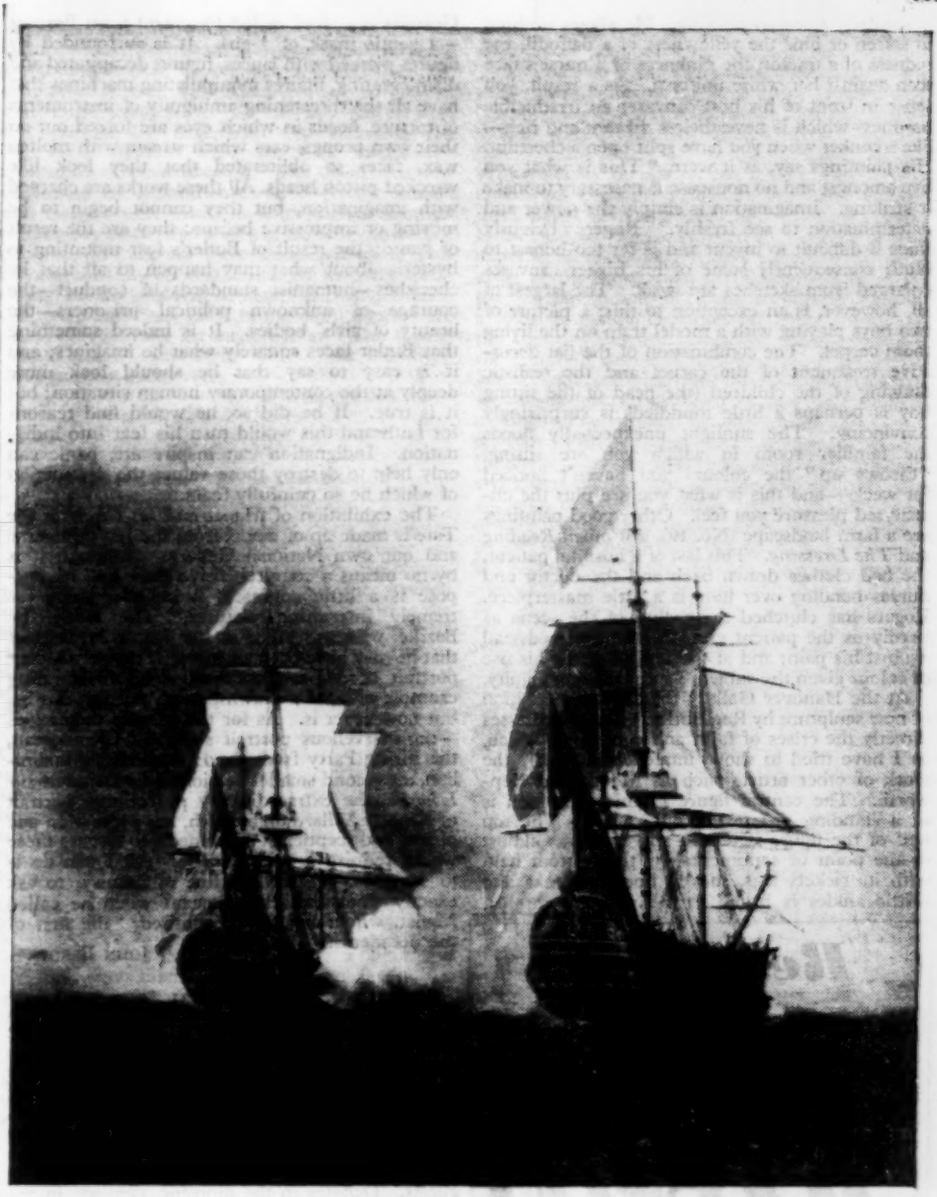
Gillian, the wife of a serious, decent, socially responsible business man, is a flipperty-gibbet who gets herself into a scrape through careless driving, and concealment makes the scrape into something more serious. Behind the play, which tells us how the husband waited while she got herself out of it, was, if I remember the novel, a more interesting and truly contemporary approach to the problem. Gillian's faults were the faults of a failure to grow up. What her serious, responsible, good citizen of a husband couldn't see—and what she had to fight to teach him—was that he was largely responsible, for at any crisis he shifted off her shoulders the responsibility that he ought to have taught her to carry. This only vaguely glimmers in the play, which never succeeds in turning these tables on him and so fails of being really interesting. But though conventional, it is competent and dramatic and sufficiently distracting. It is well, if conventionally acted. Miss Googie Withers is one of our leading emotional actresses and has no difficulty with the tiresome Gillian. Mr. Frank Lawton gives a ripe impression of a cad, and Mr. John McCullum struggles along well with his prig. Excellent small-part acting, especially from Miss Anna Turner.

T. C. WORSLEY

ROUND THE GALLERIES

IT is a long time since Vivian Pitchforth has had an exhibition. But his forty watercolours of landscapes, seascapes, rivers, estuaries, mountains, now at the Leicester Galleries, show how worthwhile it was waiting for it. He emerges as a rare artist. I can think of no living English painter to equal him in his use (and I mean *use*—not just handling) of the medium. The whites of the paper, blithe calligraphy, atmospheric effects—drizzle, low clouds, sunlight, apparently wetting and drying the paper themselves—all these are there, but tied, as they seldom are, to real drawing, a real determination to concentrate as well as diffuse. Any comparison with Turner would be foolish for their range is different and Pitchforth is as intimate as Turner was heroic; but it is in Turner that one feels the same inevitability of watercolour used as the only means possible to release a particular sort of vision. I cannot hope to describe the spirit of Pitchforth's vision. It is adult and quite unsentimental, yet also suggests that before the spectacle of space transforming light he becomes as rapt and enchanted as a child gazing at a rainbow. Notice especially *Rain Wye Valley, Barmouth Estuary, Ferry Pembroke* and *Oat Harvest Argyll*, which, like an illustration from a Book of Hours, becomes an image of any Homeland, implies the cycle of all the Seasons.

Claude Rogers is also showing some oil paintings at the Leicester. By contrast, Rogers is a clumsy, raw, prosaic artist. But his integrity matches his talent in an equally impressive way. He is an unflinching painter. He refuses to draw any section of a form until he has discovered a structural explanation for it. His attitude to colour



(By courtesy of the Trustees of the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich)

"Engagement between Anson's 'Centurion' and the treasure ship 'Cavadonga' 20th June, 1743", by Samuel Scott

BEFORE THE THUNDER and smoke of battle, the tensest moment of all: the ships sliding towards each other over the hissing sea, the guns run out, the crews still . . . and waiting. When someone murmurs the blasphemous grace "For what we are about to receive . . ."

Yet the men that died from round shot, from steel, were few compared to those who died from scurvy, the real scourge of the sea in those far-off days. And it was not only at sea that men died through lack of proper food, or from diseases caused by dirty food.

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is similarly uncompromising. He allows nothing to soften or blur the yellowness of a daffodil, the redness of a tractor, the pinkness of a nurse's face seen against her white uniform. As a result, you sense in front of his best canvases an irreducible hardness which is nevertheless vibrant and rich—like a conker when you have split open a chestnut. His paintings say, as it were, "This is what you live amongst and no nonsense is necessary to make it striking. Imagination is simply the power and determination to see freshly." Rogers obviously finds it difficult to invent and is far too honest to bluff; consequently some of his bigger canvases enlarged from sketches are weak. The largest of all, however, is an exception to this; a picture of two boys playing with a model train on the living room carpet. The combination of the flat decorative treatment of the carpet and the realistic drawing of the children (the head of the sitting boy is perhaps a little muddled) is surprisingly convincing. The sunlight unexpectedly floods the familiar room in which you are sitting, "throws up" the colours you haven't noticed for weeks—and this is what you see plus the unanalysed pleasure you feel. Other good paintings are a farm landscape (No. 19), a *Woman Reading* and *The Dressing*. This last of a hospital patient, the bed clothes drawn back and the doctor and nurses bending over him, is a little masterpiece. Rogers has clutched the reality of the scene as hardly as the patient clutches the iron bedstead against his pain; and at the same time by his use of colour given the subject a most moving dignity.

At the Hanover Gallery there is an exhibition of new sculpture by Reg Butler. Butler expresses directly the crises of faith and conscience which, as I have tried to show, influence indirectly the work of other artists such as Moore and Hepworth. The central figure in this exhibition is of a standing girl taking off a shirt. The top half of the figure is tender and sensuous almost to the point of sentimentality; the bottom half, with its rickets legs, shoved open buttocks and brittle ankles is brutal to the point of disgust. Upstairs is a work called *Fragment from Portrait*—a gentle mask of a girl. It is surrounded by figures pierced with lances, figures decapitated and disintegrating, figures manipulating machines that have all the threatening ambiguity of instruments of torture, heads in which eyes are forced out on their own prongs, ears which stream with molten wax, faces so obliterated that they look like wrecked piston heads. All these works are charged with imagination, but they cannot begin to be moving or impressive because they are the result of *panic*: the result of Butler's fear mounting to hysteria about what may happen to all that he cherishes—humanist standards of conduct—the courage of unknown political prisoners—the beauty of girls' bodies. It is indeed something that Butler faces squarely what he imagines; and it is easy to say that he should look more deeply at the contemporary human situation; but it is true. If he did so, he would find reasons for faith and this would turn his fear into indignation. Indignation can inspire art; panic can only help to destroy those values the destruction of which he so painfully fears.

The exhibition of *Manet and his Circle* at the Tate is made up of works from the Jeu de Paume and our own National Gallery. Although it is by no means a comprehensive show and its purpose is a little confused, it includes some extremely interesting pictures. The works by Bazille, who was killed at the age of 29, suggest that he may have been a genius. The early Monet portrait of Mme. Gaudibert is an invigorating example of what a drawing-room portrait can be, but now never is. As for the Manets themselves—the marvellous portrait sketch of Clemenceau, the Firing Party from the Execution of Maximilian, the second smaller version of *Le Dejeuner sur L'herbe*, the extraordinarily provocative portrait of Nina de Villard on a couch, her expression one of zest and scepticism combined—to discuss these would require a whole article. All I can do is to suggest a worthwhile line of inquiry; to ask exactly what Baudelaire meant when he called Manet, whom he greatly admired, "the first of the decadents."

JOHN BERGER

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FREDERICK MULLER

MUSIC CONFERENCE AT ROME

CONSCIENTIOUS participants in the recent Rome meeting had a strenuous time. Arranged by the European Centre of Culture in Geneva and the Congress for Cultural Freedom, financed by American Foundations, official and private European sources and the Italian Radio, a conference was held and concerts of twentieth-century music were given before more than 200 invited foreign guests. Debates in the morning, concerts in the afternoons and evenings, left little margin. The debates did not reveal many new ideas, whether social, æsthetic, political or critical. Comments on the future of opera—a subject for which the performance of Hans Werner Henze's *Boulevard Solitude* had provided a challenging stimulus—were unfortunately curtailed by lack of time. In general, discussions were diffuse because few speakers remained within the terms originally set.

One feature, however, emerged from the debates: the fundamentally different approach to musical matters of critics on the one hand and composers on the other. This became very much apparent during the debate on the subject, "The Composer, the Interpreter and the Public." The paper, the best of the session, was read by the young Italian composer Roman Vlad. While most speakers, before and after him, stressed the differences between music today and music in earlier centuries, he contended that the situation has basically remained the same, at least as far as the composer and his interpreter are concerned. He very lucidly explained two facts that make for the difficulty of interpretation: graphic symbols do not exactly indicate the sound the composer had in mind, and no obvious causal connection exists between the actual sound and the significance it assumes through the creative artist's sensibility. The miracle of correct re-creation is possible only through the performer's intuition which divines the composer's intentions. As for the composer, his task is to communicate with the public, or, better, with the society which the public represents. What he gives is his own, and he can only hope that the truth which he proclaims belongs to all and has universal value. In the age of standardisation and mechanisation "the composer is more than ever faced with the tragic duty to deny to the public what they are asking for, in order not to desert his true obligations towards them."

Apart from Roman Vlad's oral confession, the composers' authentic voices were heard in no fewer than twelve concerts. They were the voices of more than fifty composers, from many countries and age groups, more among them born before 1900 than after, and the youngest, I believe, 27 years old. It goes without saying that a survey like this cannot be complete—even Schoenberg was represented only by piano pieces, though his figure loomed large behind many of the other works. Considered as a cross-section of present-day trends, the picture was fair enough. It appeared that twelve-note music has lost much of its power to scare. About one-third of the works performed, and among them some very successful ones, were either dodecaphonic or approaching the idiom. The change of attitude seems largely due to the wide appeal of Berg's music, especially of his Violin Concerto. There was a competition of violin concertos—the prize went to Mario Peragallo—which gave ample opportunity for employing Bergian devices. His influence could be felt on other occasions: the *Allegro misterioso* from his *Lyric Suite* has caught the fancy of more than one composer.

Among the less successful twelve-note compositions, Henze's *Boulevard Solitude* was too hard for the Italian opera audience. Part of the public showed their displeasure by frequent interruptions, boos, whistling, laughter and ironic applause. I don't think the opera deserved the reception. Henze is a highly gifted composer and has, in spite of certain miscalculations, a flair for the stage.

The composer most widely represented was Stravinsky. He conducted a programme of his own works, beginning with the exquisite, but severe *Orpheus* followed by his more popular pieces, which were much applauded. At an earlier concert his Septet of 1953 had shown the versatile Master in a new light. Without becoming dodecaphonic he employs in this work Schoenbergian devices, in that the themes as well as the counterpoints and accompaniments are derived from one basic row. It appears that a reconciliation of styles is in the making. Aaron Copland's Piano Quartet was another example of this *rapprochement*. In a concert conducted by Hermann Scherchen, Alan Rawsthorne's first Piano Concerto did not sound out of place next to songs by Dallapiccola and Webern's cantata *Das Augenlicht*, and its excellent performance by the Israeli pianist Frank Pelleg, achieved a remarkable success. Of other English works there was an unsatisfactory performance of Britten's Michelangelo Sonnets and a new Violin Concerto by Racine Fricker.

ERWIN STEIN

LOOK AND LISTEN

IF only one could see every week on the TV screen a play of the calibre of *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, and done as well as Mr. Royston Morley's production from the Library Theatre, Manchester! It was admirable, with a fine, passionate attacking performance of the step-daughter from Miss Mary Morris. Part of the interest, of course, lay simply in the fact that it was appearing in the context of our television programmes and cutting right across them. For, after all, how unlike the home-life of our own dear Dales, Archers, Huggetts and Groves is that of the family Pirandello presents in his play. In what is called light entertainment—and most programmes whether on the air or on TV fall into the

category—the B.B.C., unphilosophical, makes no distinction between appearance and reality, or rather, plumps firmly for appearance. It is not, however, satisfied with mere appearance; appearance has to be glamourised, aggrandised, boosted, but in the nicest possible way. This comes out very strongly in programmes like *These Radio Times* ("a happy history of everyman's entertainment") and *A Handful of Stars*, Mr. Melachrino's disc-jockey programme. It isn't enough that a funny man should be funny and a singer of sentimental songs efficiently sentimental: they must also be plugged as jolly good chaps, really decent sorts, whose relation to listeners and viewers is essentially that of *friends*.

The regular listener and viewer, indeed, is drawn into a positive complicity of friendship. Announcing in sound broadcasting is still for the most part impersonal: on television it is anything but: night after night we lean back purring as pretty young women and handsome young men give us the old come-hither in the most well-bred manner in the world. We are enmeshed in mateyness, to such a degree that even to comment on it is to feel caddish. For, it seems to me there can be no question, radio entertainers and television announcers have thrust upon them a function in addition to that of their specific jobs: to play, consciously or otherwise, the role of Miss Lonelyhearts and Mr. Heartsease to the emotionally isolated and insecure.

The great exemplar here is Mr. Wilfred Pickles, whose programme *Have a Go!* goes on and on and on from year to year to year. Mr. Pickles, it is plain, has the great gift of drawing forth from his audiences the warmest possible feelings of good humour and good nature. If it is indeed true that they shall be accounted poet-kings who simply tell the most heart-easing things, then Mr. Pickles is the greatest poet-king of our time. His programme relies very largely on what is called audience-participation, and this is a logical development of the whole notion of mateyness in broadcasting. Mr. Pickles is the star, but he also has his collaborators, as one after another members of his audience join him on the platform to answer his questions. For a few minutes each in turn shares the spotlight, shares the stardom. The audience that matters, of course, is the listening audience, which for Mr. Pickles runs into several millions; and for those who collaborate with him appearance in his programme means a break, however short, from the appalling anonymity industrial society thrusts upon most of us.

One sees this very clearly in the television programmes that depend on audience-participation, in particular the parlour-games *What's My Line?* and *The Name's the Same*. To be seen on television is to be recognised, to assume an identity in the eyes of millions, and in these games the unknown comes into his own. This, however briefly, is fame, a temporary enhancement of personality which, no matter how saddening it may seem to the rest of us, may well be the outstanding moment of a lifetime, the great consoling memory: Born to blush unseen I may be, but at least I answered Gilbert Harding back and five million people saw and heard me do it. Indeed, such programmes as these can even turn the absurd into a form of distinction: neither Miss Brenda Bruce nor Lady Boyle, Mr. Norden nor Mr. Muir guessed Mr. A. Papa's name last week: one up to Mr. Papa.

All this is innocent enough and may well be even socially valuable: few people are the worse for a spell of personal enhancement. There are times when it could be sinister. I have been told, for instance, that it was a part of Nazi broadcasting policy to put as many ordinary Germans, private citizens, on the air as possible. What was aimed at was the illusion of a people's radio; audience-participation was used as a way of promoting national unity; every German was to have his moment of glory brought to him by the Nazis.

Such a danger is unlikely from our form of audience-participation, and in the last few months there has been a most interesting example on TV of audience-participation put to positive ends. It occurs in Dr. Bronowski's *Science in the Making* programmes. It is on the making that the emphasis is put, and listeners are invited to contribute towards it. In the last programme, for example, Dr. Bronowski discussed with Dr. W. Grey Walter what may be called the mechanics of remembering. The discussion was illustrated by experiments and electronic brains, and viewers were asked to send in their answers to memory tests shown on the screen. In earlier programmes viewers have been invited to collaborate in tests on vision and, particularly interesting, on the problem of identical twins. Identical twins who had been brought up apart were asked to volunteer for examination. The results should throw some light on the old heredity/environment controversy.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"The Proud Ones," at the Curzon
"Knock on Wood," at the Plaza

"In a little harbour village," starts Synopsis, "in the Gulf of Mexico . . ." and at once we see it, not quite *in* the Gulf perhaps, but in photogravure, with the nets hung and the women crouched by the empty pots, waiting. Along the shore, silent, solitary men stare out at the unapproachable sea, which looks so calm. Everything is statuesque, the robes of poverty glisten like samite. One of the watchers points. They all point. "Steinbeck is coming. . . ."

However, sometimes it may be Graham Greene or Sartre to give a jog to this most hackneyed of day-dreams. *The Proud Ones* derives from a Sartre novel, *L'Amour Redempteur*, and before even the titles have vanished we have been treated to a cacophony of shack life, debilitatory heat, plucked strings, and high-pitched wails that might come from man, monkey or parrakeet. It's a little too insisted on—a fault with this kind of pre-emption—though "insisting on" might be considered an existentialist trade-mark. Quickly we plunge into a tale of drink, a beautiful stranger arrived on the bus, spotted fever, the strange celebrations of Easter, and with death in effigy and in fact, with that redemption of love which in the cinema—even, it seems, the Sartre cinema—means a man and a woman running towards one another and embracing. Then the send-off of fireworks, gabbling strings, and shrieks with which it all started. *The Proud Ones* has never a dull moment and many an expressive one.

Atmosphere is the film's achievement, as it was of the same director's *Une Si Jolie Petite Plage*. There the grey, wet moonstone, here the jagged plague spot. The sun drones, with a curious faded look; pearls are of perspiration; in the prison shades an electric fan falters; Easter week crawls on, explosively, horribly gay; and on the bus have arrived love and spotted fever. Nowhere is Yves Allegret's mastery of this material more strikingly shown than in the progress of the dying man carried in a chair along the raucous promenade; the men have to rest, a firework mannikin shoots off from a window; the frightful sickness comes on. Existentialism comes into its own with the vomitings that precede death, with suffering and material indifference, with—but less surely—lack of love and its first stirring. The drama of the drunk ex-doctor (Gérard Philipe) and the emergent widow (Michèle Morgan), splendidly played by the first and devotedly by the second, has more of the common threads of fiction; yet the detail, if not always the personal theme, grips, and the larger picture of an epidemic, death itself, and the death festivities outside the window, have an inexorable ring. Sartre's crucified hero, in this Easter drama, is one of the thieves: every nail, every insult is hammered home. From its beginning, which may call for comparison with Clouzot's *The Wages of Fear*, it does get somewhere, as the other film, except on the thriller level, does not. If the whole thing, despite its remarkable qualities, seems sordidly rigged, the fault is in those two or three last turns given by this new school of realism, which takes a line of least resistance in discovering that what is ugly and bad is easier to convey than what is good and beautiful.

The new Danny Kaye film has a good farcical plot of espionage in the highest quarters, quite a number of funny situations, patter songs, and burlesques, and Danny Kaye himself as a ventriloquist with a neurosis. He even makes air-sickness and car selling funny. His best moments are taking off a gentleman straight out of Burlington, and squatting under a table with the legs of two spy-masters entangling him; when one angrily taps his knee, it is Danny Kaye's knee, and he has to reproduce the action in the appropriate quarter, while the other arch-plotter begins scratching. . . . I don't think we need complain of *Knock on Wood*.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

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"Homage to the Queen," at Covent Garden

Seeing *Homage to the Queen* for the first time, nearly a year after its production, I was struck by the possibilities of pageantry in ballet. The stage traditions for pageantry have almost all gone, but here is a new beginning that might well be followed in a more architectural and contemporary style. Another almost lost art in the theatre is that of the transformation scene, and even our most ornamental designer fails here. Mr. Messel's contrivance of the magic forest in *The Sleeping Princess* is adequate, though not as thrilling as a transformation scene should be; but his Elizabethan apotheosis to *Homage to the Queen* is clumsy and unimaginative. This is a ballet that is choreographically built on patterns of movement, an abstract ballet in fact, whose moods are dictated by the motions of the four elements: earth, air, fire and water. This basis is not at all upheld by Malcolm Arnold's music, which is a most dismal hotch-potch. The rhythms seem to have no shape, the water music is over-sugared, and on first hearing there was to my ear neither atmospheric beauty nor any constructive strength in the whole. This restless inconclusion of sound helps to make ineffective much of Frederick Ashton's formal choreography. It is not until the Fire dance that the ballet begins to hold together, but after that the *pas de deux* of the Queen of the Air and her Consort is designed in the most enchanting and elegant style. Margot Fonteyn and Svetlana Beriosova were both convincingly divine elements as the Queens of Air and Water. So surpassing was their movement that they did not, like the majority of dancers, appear to be fighting against the mesh of the music.

A. F.

"Der Freischutz," at Covent Garden

Just about everything was wrong with this *Freischütz* except the delightful Aennchen of Adele Leigh. It is after all an opera which needs every help that producer, designer and conductor can give; but this performance seemed sadly unconsidered. Mr. Christopher West, resident producer at the Royal Opera House, allowed much of it to be frankly ridiculous. No eeriness, no pine forests, but a seedy Zamiel who wandered about the stage, and comic apparitions in the Wolf's Glen. The last scene was an apologetic fumble. Mr. West's imagination seemed to exhaust itself on two ill-executed little bits of chorus business, and a brief introduction of that otiose Osric figure who raises a snigger in Oxford college productions. He was hardly helped by scenery and costumes (Roger Furse) apparently dug out of pantomime stock, or by low-powered conducting (Edward Downes) which trundled along, slithering over the climaxes. Singers? Hero and heroine could not sustain their parts (a lovely bar or two hardly makes an Agathe). Caspar (Otakar Kraus) had the right dramatic idea, but mauled the music.

A. P.

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JOMO KENYATTA

SIR,—The Lyttelton proposals, despite their many drawbacks, may be able to create a multi-racial Government in Kenya; so far as psychological war against Mau Mau is concerned they have not had any effect at all. Mau Mau is the result of a slow but steady change of mind in the African generally, and in Kikuyu in particular, over a number of years on the questions of land hunger, colour-bar, racial-discrimination, cheap and forced labour. The African was discontented and his birthrights were refused him. Throwing little pieces of bread here and there in a form of the few schools and hospitals does not help reverse the position.

It is true that the Government is powerful, and it will sooner or later suppress violence and establish law and order; but does anyone believe that the African mind will be changed by this? If the Kenya Government, the British public, and all peoples in Kenya want the Emergency to end immediately, the Government must show its willingness to remove the causes of the African's discontent. Even after the Government shows its willingness, how is the African going to believe that the Government is sincere? The words and promises of the Government to the African through the District Commissioners or even through the Governor, however loudly these may be proclaimed, would not reach the hearts of the Africans. Is there any such person among Africans to whom they would listen? There is one; that is their Mahatma, Jomo Kenyatta.

I do not know much about legality, but anyway he should be contacted and requested to use his influence among his people.

I am sure everyone believes that his place among Kenya Africans is more than Mahatma Gandhi's place among Indians was. It is he alone who could change the African mind, and can bring peace to Kenya.

Nairobi. K. P. SHAH

THE BOMB

SIR,—The Home Secretary's speech at Bristol on Civil Defence and the hydrogen bomb gives us one more chance to stop and think on our way downhill to the catastrophe of atomic war.

The scientists who made the original atomic bomb warned us that the only defence would be a staggeringly expensive dispersal, and that if it were used it might: "... precipitate the race for armaments, and prejudice the possibility of reaching an international agreement on the future control of such weapons." (Franck Report, June, 1945.) The immediate judgment on Hiroshima recognised that: "The scale of casualties produced by the bomb makes the mere disposal of the dead a major problem." (Report of the British Mission to Japan, 1946.) In spite of these warnings, we judged that what we saw to be evil could only be controlled by the threat of ever bigger bombs. At the same time we had to persuade our own people that they could be defended against these weapons. The Civil Defence Manual of Atomic Warfare stated in 1950: "There are a great many practical steps which will greatly reduce the casualty producing power of the bomb, and it is confidently hoped that the defence can be steadily improved." Since then we have produced a bomb a hundred times more destructive and there has been little building of shelters and no dispersal of population.

The first hydrogen bomb was exploded on Nov. 1, 1952; a year and a half later the Home Secretary says that he has "... set on foot an immediate review of the whole of their plans." The measures he suggests are, in fact, those which might have had some effect in reducing the casualties from the original atomic bomb: their effect in hydrogen bomb warfare can give us no cause for hope. The Home Secretary appeals to the people of Coventry to be prepared lest they should have to stand by, helpless to rescue casualties from the outskirts of a devastated Birmingham. But all of us are standing by, now, helpless to prevent the production of still more destructive weapons, in face of which Civil "Defence" becomes ever more meaningless. Do we realise that the radius of destruction from a hydrogen bomb over Birmingham already reaches well beyond Coventry?

Is it too late to question the belief on which we base the need to attempt some Civil Defence: the belief that the deterrent effect of these weapons can preserve the peace? PHILIP TITCHMARSH

"ANTI-AMERICANISM"

SIR,—Mr. Martin's reply to his critics goes to the core of the matter. Mr. Jacobs, and the group he professes to speak for, have calmly closed their eyes and stuffed their ears to avoid seeing and hearing the anguished cries of Liberty while she is being raped by McCarthy. If any sounds do penetrate their consciousness they can be dismissed as the discordant notes of "Fifth Amendment self-dubbed defenders of civil liberties." I am quite sure that if an analysis were made of those people who have been subjected to the McCarthy inquisition, one would find that they are in the main honest and sincere people without any degree of national political importance on the American scene. That they are individuals who are or have been radical in their thinking and philosophy and that their usage of the Fifth Amendment was solely for the purpose of avoiding entrapment and being forced to involve friends. While I agree with Professor Einstein's proposal of complete non-co-operation with such committees as McCarthy's, I can appreciate and understand the position taken by those who have pleaded the Fifth Amendment.

Mr. Jacobs and his friends are fair weather soldiers sounding off from the safety of the rear area. If McCarthy isn't stopped, that rear area is going to become a front-line zone, and when that comes to pass Mr. Jacobs' preoccupation with political semantics will be to no avail.

Liberty and Freedom are not values to be rationed and made available only to the politically pure. If we do not defend and fight for the civil liberties of *all* we shall end up with the loss of our own liberty. Despite Mr. Jacobs' assertion that Americans who speak

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out against McCarthy rarely suffer any consequences, I must request that you do not publish my name if you do print this letter in your periodical. May I tell you that you have done an excellent job in interpreting the American scene. Real believers in freedom and liberty will never find it hard to understand each other and appreciate and respect each other's views.

New York. LIBERAL

ACCOMPLICES

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Campbell's comments on this subject, I should like to mention that the point of my letter was that the airmen in question are still liable to a criminal charge by a private prosecutor and consequently should have been cautioned that they need not give evidence.

Two undertakings were given during the proceedings, one by the D.P.P. and the other by the Air Ministry, that they would not be prosecuted. No undertaking was given by the Attorney-General, but Mr. Campbell is quite correct in suggesting that a prosecution could, after it had been initiated, be stayed by the Attorney-General if he exercised his discretion to do so. However, the law is that a witness is not bound to answer any question tending to expose him to a criminal charge, but in this case the Court relied on the undertakings referred to above, which I submit were insufficient.

As to the Writ of Mandamus, I did not suggest that this could be used to compel the D.P.P. to undertake the conduct of criminal proceedings, which is a discretionary power, but that if he did do so, it could compel him to carry out his duties in accordance with the Act. LEONARD KASLER

THE ARTIST AND SOCIETY

SIR,—The "startling developments in science, mathematics and machine power" to which Mr. Pasmore refers are obvious but what are the "new revolutionary ideas in all spheres of thought"? During most of my lifetime science has devoted itself mainly and with immense success to providing the means to fulfil the death-wish of civilisation. Death and hysteria have been in consequence the proper subjects of many of the leading painters and sculptors of that civilisation, and to express them they have invented new techniques. That is the basic history of modern art.

I have not yet been to Mr. Pasmore's exhibition, but, judging by reports and my knowledge of his work, I expect to see the logical progress of a good painter from life as subject matter to death. There have been no new or revolutionary ideas in my sphere of thought so far as I know. There have been new explanations of the old ones. The dominating ideas of our age, as of others, have been hatred, cruelty, tyranny, lust for power, and how to bedevil the people in the process of realising them.

JOHN ARMSTRONG

SIR,—Keith Vaughan says "The qualifying factor," in the convincing expression of a personal response to Nature, "is not the attitude of Society, but the artist's personal stature." Now by the token of Vaughan's theory of self-determination there would appear to be no reason why the recent new forms of Cubism and Impressionism should not have served the purposes of virile painters for many more generations, since they were considered important enough, at the time, to have opened up vistas at least as extensive as the "Realism" of Goya, Velasquez and Ribera had done before. But, in fact, both Impressionism and Cubism have wilted, the former almost to vanishing point. Two things have happened simultaneously, I think. First, society has failed to continue supplying material and interest within the terms of reference framing these cults, and second, the painter has found himself without the kind of resources, personal and economic, to which the media can be applied. In the face of this clearly social, or political, cause and effect, it seems to me almost comical to urge that, because Art is now neglected by a class which is either bankrupt, or is investing elsewhere (probably "Defence") we must eat our own flesh and learn to like it.

I am certain that if any of the Masters in the European tradition had dealt with the universal problems of painting (which still exist, by the way) with the logic and frame of mind of most of our "Moderns" the results would have been shuddered or laughed at by any generation, anywhere.

As for Mr. Pasmore's derisive bracketing of "Traditional" with what I take him to mean the more flatulent Victorian painting, one feels it would be almost tactless to suggest that any one of a dozen or more painters in the line from Hogarth to John would have been apter for Mr. Craven's purpose, if not so convenient for his own argument. This kind of argument is, I feel, of no better service to the "Moderns" than the apologetics he disclaims, while the idea of "Functionalism," if it does not claim at least as *actual* a function for the sculpture as the electric flat-iron it resembles, is merely abracadabra—we have all heard of "fitness for purpose" long ago.

Finally, since any patting of John Berger's critical back seems to have been the fashionable preliminary to feeling for the place to put the Anti-Marxist knife (though why, only God and Joseph McCarthy can possibly know!), I will only say that the one time I felt he had failed to measure up to his task was in the review of Rebeyrolle's paintings when the only concrete point that emerged was that the undersides of the nostrils and lips had been well painted.

WILLIAM DIXON BLAND

SIR,—Mr. Berger, in his latest letter, seems to be coming nearer to the truth of contemporary artistic problems in his attempt to identify the nature of the artists' relation to his environment—landscape or society. Unfortunately he has bedevilled the argument in the past by too often implying that the artist can come to "belong" to his environment simply by following some external directive. Here, however, he seems to hit on a truth when he suggests that there is not only a danger in the artist being too disengaged from his subject matter, but also in being too intimate with it. Does he suggest that the middle way is the solution?

I imagine, rather, that many have found in the past that the proper solution to this problem is not so much to evade the intimacy or attempt to by-pass it by a search for large abstractions and superficial generalisations; but rather to penetrate through intimacy, through the personal contact with, and experience of, the particular and the immediate which is reality, until an attitude of apparent detachment, of innocence is reached on the other side. (Surely this is the lesson of Cézanne, rather than "the cone, the cube and the sphere.") The Absolute, the permanently valuable, is only realised through the immersion in the real and immediate. A genuine abstract art is not created by wrenching a few simplified attributes away from the crust of reality: it arrives, whenever it does, by allowing the landscape, the environment, to find whatever there is in oneself which belongs to it and is shared in common with it. The artists' perpetual search is for that line of mutual interchange between himself (not merely his intellect or his social conscience, but the whole of his body) and the world he belongs to. This seems to be something much more complex than merely raping reality or being raped by the Machine, and is apparently much beyond the majority of contemporary artists.

R. H. BOWDEN

"WE"

SIR,—Mr. Daniel George's letter raises a great many distinct questions. May I attempt to answer one or two of them?

The poetic "we" is no more to be taken literally than the poetic "I," the novelist's "I" or the "I" of the chorus in a Greek tragedy. The poet's choice of a person depends on the kind of statement he or she wishes to make; but a poet's statements are not necessarily statements about an identifiable individual or an identifiable group. The person of a poem can be instrumental, the means to an impersonal end. Miss Jennings wrote, "There we sit and mope" because she was not concerned with telling us what she—or any individual—was doing in any particular place, but because she was making a statement of a general order—in this case about a disrupted society. Had she written "I" in this context, this "I" might have stood not for Miss Jennings but for an individual quite as hypothetical as the "we" to which Mr. George objects; and her poem would not have communicated the truth that she had in mind.

Mr. George wishes to dissociate himself from this truth, but he confirms it by his failure to identify himself with the person (*persona*, mask) through which it is being communicated (*personare*, to sound through). This failure is precisely what Miss Jennings' poem is about. The poem strikes Mr. George as forlorn because he knows that to perform for the deaf and blind is a forlorn occupation.

There is no lack of public entertainers who specialise in purveying cheerfulness; they rarely resort to verse, but then verse is not very much in demand. If Mr. George does not respect the freedom of poets to be truthful and forlorn, he should suggest a way in which tame poets can be maintained by the public for the purpose of responding to Spring with all the symptoms of spontaneous joy. As it is, few poets can afford a holiday in the Lake District at this time of the year.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

A CASE OF BOWDLERISATION

SIR,—I have just seen Richard Crossman's review of *The Answers of Ernst Von Salomon*, which I translated into English. In this review, which is headed "A Case of Bowdlerisation," Mr. Crossman comments on the way that book is cut, and points out a sentence which has been added to the text. Since your readers may believe that I, as translator, was responsible for these deletions and for this addition, I should appreciate this opportunity to state than I am responsible neither for the one nor for the other. I presented the publisher with a complete translation, after which my connection with the book, both financial and otherwise, ended. I was connected neither with the editing nor, I may say, with the preface.

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Books in General

MR. MORRISON'S book* originated from his Fellowship of Nuffield College, and from an after-dinner talk given there in 1947, the year of his election. He was immediately asked why he did not write a book setting out and expanding the information he had then given; for much of it was novel to the assembled students of politics. He pleaded pressure of business; but was cheerfully reminded that, as democracy exists by sacking its leaders, an opportunity of greater leisure would no doubt present itself in some foreseeable future. "The prospect," he comments, very truthfully, "was unwelcome." He promised, however, to bear the suggestion in mind, and here it is, embodied in 350 pages of closely knit consideration. Mr. Amery's book† is shorter, but not less closely packed. It is founded on his four Chichele lectures of 1946, brought up to date by a further chapter in this second edition of 1953. Each of these books is instinct with the knowledge of one who has actually operated the Constitution; so different from that of a looker-on, however intent.

Approach from this angle is overdue, for there is an almost startling absence of authoritative documents from which anyone can inform himself upon this problem. The word "Cabinet," for example, appears for the first time on the order paper of the House of Commons in 1900. The Cabinet as such has no statutory existence, though indirect reference to it occurs in the Ministers of the Crown Act of 1937. There is always the greatest reluctance in this country to embody any constitutional or Parliamentary device in open words. The closure, without which, in the long run, Parliamentary debate would be impossible, was described, not only at its inception but for years afterwards, as the "*clôture*," and even yet has to borrow a foreign name, the "guillotine."

This habit of reticence, combined with metaphor, makes the study of politics in our country difficult indeed. The term "the Whips" by which the Party organising secretaries are known (the description is not exact, but is as near as another) is, as Mr. Morrison remarks, "very confusing to foreigners, and is probably imperfectly understood even by the bulk of the British people." Its origin, as he correctly states, lies in the hunting-field; where the whipper-in drove hounds back into the pack to prevent them straying. The only definition which Mr. Morrison can find for this phrase in politics is in a political dictionary of 1792, where a whipper-in is described as "a fellow that sends for Members to carry a question when the Minister is hard run."

But this only shows how far political dictionaries of any period can stray from the mark. The essential point of a Whip, in the hunting-field, is that he is the servant of an autocrat, the Master of the hounds. The peculiar position of a Master of Foxhounds—his instant and supreme authority, his power to upbraid, without appeal or back-answer, any member of the hunt, however eminent, who transgresses any rule, written, unwritten or imaginary, the social upheavals which accompany any infringement of his position, and the convulsions preceding or accompanying his fall—all have a close parallel in the position of the Master of Masters, the Prime Minister. But it is all very difficult to explain to earnest inquirers.

Mr. Morrison rightly devotes many pages to this vital aspect of the organisation of Parliament, on which the day-to-day working of the machine depends. He quotes with approval the latest piece of secret language which has been coined to describe the two Chief Whips, Government and Opposition, working together, namely "the usual channels." This means, in effect, "an inter-party discussion at organisational levels," and is so understood by everyone in Parliament, though it has not yet arrived in any constitutional textbook. It is, as he recognises, a tribute to the ease and informality of inter-Party relations at Westminster that this should by general consent be regarded as "usual."

This is the indispensable factor in the whole mutual working of Government and Parliament, which IS the Constitution—goodwill. Lord Balfour, another keen student of the Constitution, though he never wrote a book on it, expressed this essential fact when he said that the Parliamentary system depended for its success upon everyone wanting to make it work; and the Duke of Wellington, the only statesman in Europe who successfully crossed the gulf from the eighteenth to the nineteenth century, summed it all up in the sentence, "The Queen's Government must be carried on."

The Cabinet is the key of the Constitution. Here Mr. Morrison's knowledge is of the greatest use. He gives a thorough account of procedure, which is very important—the fact that the Cabinet never votes, for example, though sometimes the Prime Minister goes round the table to obtain individual opinions, embodies the whole essential doctrine of collective Cabinet responsibility. The fact that the Cabinet has no room of its own, but meets in the Prime Minister's study—and what is more, assembles in the lobby outside and waits until it is called—is worth a volume of theory on the relationship between the two. Mr. Morrison's main new contribution, however, is a close examination of the question of "Overlords"; whether Cabinets should be large or small; how much can be, or should be, delegated to Committees; how far the crushing burden of routine work can be lifted from the shoulders of those responsible for policy. On all this Mr. Morrison refers at length to the views of Mr. Amery. Mr. Amery favours the "small" Cabinet—his actual ideal is one of about five Ministers. Mr. Morrison points out that neither Mr. Lloyd George nor Mr. Winston Churchill could, even in wartime, hold the actual figure so low, and that Mr. Churchill's War Cabinet worked out at about eight Ministers, while the peacetime Cabinets of both Mr. Churchill and Mr. Attlee were composed of some sixteen to eighteen members.

On the whole, Mr. Morrison comes down in favour of the large as against the small Cabinet. This is on the ground that the Cabinet is far more than a thinking group for policy-making. It has, he says, to give political leadership to the party in power, to the House of Commons and to the country as a whole. It has to evoke and command political support. Above all, it must possess that day-to-day administrative experience without which any group of administrators will inevitably and fatally lose touch with the world of affairs. Mr. Amery plumped in 1947 for a Cabinet of about half a dozen, all entirely free from ordinary departmental duties. This body would, he thought, require to bring into its councils, for departmental questions, but only for these, the Departmental Ministers directly affected. This proposal has everything to recommend it; save that it has now a history. It does not work. The experiment of the Overlords, tried out in practice by Mr. Churchill at the beginning of the present Parliament, has simply faded away; and this is conceded, or practically so, by Mr. Amery in his supplementary chapter of today. *Omni consensu capaces imperii, nisi imperassent.*

There is only one Minister whose fiat cannot be disregarded by any colleague, however powerful, or any Civil Servant, however devoted; and that is the Prime Minister, who is unique. The link between the Government and Parliament is the Cabinet. The links between the Government and the Parties, both majority and minority, are the Whips. But what is the king-pin, to which all those links attach? There is only one answer. It is the Prime Minister.

Here, Mr. Morrison, rather surprisingly, underestimates. The Prime Minister, he says, as the head of the Government is *primus inter pares*. The Prime Minister, Mr. Amery says, and rightly, is something very much more. He is captain as well as man at the helm. Parliament does not appoint a Prime Minister. It accepts him, and his private creation, his Cabinet. The Prime Minister, in fact, is no more amongst equals when he meets his colleagues than a Judge is amongst equals when he sits in court amongst the barristers—or, indeed, opposite the prisoner at the bar. For the Prime Minister keeps in his safe the seals of every Minister's office, and the writ of every member's seat. He has the power of execution. He can request and can scarcely be refused, except in most exceptional circumstances, the dissolution of Parliament. It is from this power that the Whips ultimately derive their authority over Members, and the Cabinet over Ministers. It embodies the sovereignty denied to the American President; it is the strength which candidates for power in France have repeatedly sought. Whence does it arise?

It arises from the fact, which Mr. Morrison does not shirk, that the Monarchy is still a real figure in our Constitution, and not in any way a figurehead. On this, Mr. Morrison has some most interesting things to say. He discusses the actions of King George V at the time of the fall of the Labour Government and the formation of the National Government, in 1931. Mr. Morrison's opinion (with which, as he points out, many authorities may not agree) is that the Sovereign on this occasion received bad advice. Sir Herbert Samuel originally suggested that Ramsay Macdonald should be invited to continue in office as Prime Minister of a Coalition. Baldwin acquiesced in this advice. Mr. Morrison goes further. He says: "My

* *Government and Parliament.* By the RT. HON. HERBERT MORRISON. *Oxford.* 21*s.*

† *Thoughts on the Constitution.* By the RT. HON. L. S. AMERY. *Oxford.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

own view is that he himself (King George) made a mistake in accepting it, though I would not go so far as to assert that his action was unconstitutional." A nice point arises. Would, then, the Sovereign have been acting constitutionally in disregarding such advice; advice tendered by those who, as the event proved, were capable of commanding a majority in Parliament? For clearly, if the Sovereign made a mistake in accepting this advice, it would have been open to him to refuse it.

The fact that such a question can be asked, and that different views on a question of such importance can be held, brings out with startling clarity the reserve powers which lie, and must lie, in the hands of the Head of a State which is not governed under a written Constitution. These powers are outside Parliament. They are within Government. Meanwhile, the other fact, that Ramsay Macdonald decided at that time upon the formation of a National Government, with himself as Prime Minister, without a word of previous consultation with any of his Labour colleagues, shows that a Prime Minister in our Constitution is something very different from "the first among equals." (What happens in the Constitution of the Commonwealth where there are five—or is it seven?—of these all-powerful pieces on the board at once, no one has ventured to explore.)

This is what gives Mr. Morrison's book such immediate and vital interest. Here is one who speaks with authority, and not as the scribes. Mr. Morrison discusses, for example, the House of Lords, and the desirability or undesirability of changing further its composition or its powers. When he brings forward instances such as the Iron and Steel Act, or the proposal to suspend capital punishment, he is speaking of cases in which he took a leading part; and he speaks as a leader who may easily find himself in the forefront of such clashes again. It is noteworthy, therefore, that he states unequivocally that there is no widespread demand for changes such as either the transformation of the Lords into a more representative Assembly, or its abolition. "Most people," he says, "are reasonably—though not wholly—happy, though for differing reasons."

There, indeed, is the essence of this book. It is fair to say that our Labour author is on the whole in favour of operating the machine as it stands. It is our Conservative author who is most insistent on the need for change.

These two books, taken together, are the most valuable contributions to the study of British political thought and practice which have appeared for many years. It is not too much to say that each is indispensable for any serious student of politics today. At a time when so much of the world is trying its hand at Parliamentary democracy, and when, in particular, such intense and far-reaching changes are being undertaken in regions directly under the sway of the Parliament of the United Kingdom, it would be difficult to overestimate their timeliness or their importance.

WALTER ELLIOT

A second, extended edition of Professor Eric A. Walker's *The British Empire: its Structure and Spirit*, is published by Bowes & Bowes at 25s.

THE BRIDGE

A camera's click—and two boys
  Are caught forever at their games.
The album opens at their smiles
  But closes on their fears and shames.

Embalmed, the image cannot tell
  What happened after or before.
The years make strangers of the years,
  Each casual minute shuts a door.

And only one, now only one,
  Can step back through the camera's eye.
His private reverie remakes
  The hushed-up haunts of how and why:

How twenty summers back in time
  A green bravado shook their veins.
Gardens were empires; princes leapt
  The brook between those two domains:

How, sappy still from tree or hedge,
  Branches were lashed and nailed across
The gulfs of secret neighbourhood,
  And thickets creaked with trespasses:

How then the shutter blinked, and none
  Could know the sequel of their game:
How one still lingers on this bank,
  The other lost beyond the stream . . .

Innocent thought, that builds a bridge
  From death to life, from life to death,
You crumble as now I risk my step.
  A blood-flecked torrent roars beneath.

J. C. HALL

ASPECTS OF SPAIN

The Spanish Temper. By V. S. PRITCHETT. *Chatto & Windus.* 15*s.*

Few people love Spain more than Mr. Pritchett does, or understand her better; and no English author, unless it is Mr. Gerald Brenan, writes of the country with such perception. Yet unlike so many Saxons in similar case he never loses his head or goes all Spanish on us. He sees the country for what it is, magnificent, indeed, but also harsh, morbid, excessive and obtuse; and he never for a moment abandons his own point of view, remaining throughout ironic, humane, dispassionate and English to the core.

This new work is, in part, an essay, considering facets of Spanish character and peculiarities of Spanish life. Mr. Pritchett succeeds wonderfully in a most difficult task; for apart from the dangers inherent in all generalising he had to face the fact that no sooner has a truth been uttered about the Spaniard than the opposite appears as equally true. There is great generosity along with fantastic egoism, savagery with humanity, sobriety with extravagance, reserve with prolixity; and to these Mr. Pritchett does full justice, except, perhaps, that he does not make enough of the most unexpected Spanish quality of all, the kindly common sense which makes it always possible to *s'arranger* with them.

It is also in part a travel book: and no one has ever given so briefly and brilliantly the feel of Spanish earth, the air of Spanish cities, the tempo of Spanish encounters. One after another the memorable sketches and phrases flash out of the text, tempting one endlessly to quotation:

> In Soria, the terrible province, below the wicked mountains of Aragon, I remember picking up an old woman who had fallen off her donkey and carrying her to the side of the road and wiping the blood off her nose. She was a figure carved in wood, as light as a husk. It was like having starvation in one's hands.

These few words are casually thrown in at the end of a paragraph; yet they convey, better than long pages of description could, a sense of the plight of humble Spanish folk, their perpetual hunger, their wasting struggle to remain alive. Or again, describing café life in the prosperous times following the first World War, he remarks: "One would admire the double chins

May 3

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JONATHAN CAPE

of the rich or powerful and well-fed, the remarkable bellies of the sad gluttons carrying their burden before them with an air of martyrdom." One sees them still today, these occasional fair round bellies in a lean landscape, their owners inescapably rooted in the universal melancholy.

Mr. Pritchett tells us he had not expected to return to Spain after the Civil War, but that curiosity proved too strong. In 1951 and 1952 he found the country not fundamentally changed—it would take more than a General Franco to achieve that—but with some new and depressing features. The peasants were leaving the land in tens of thousands to swarm into the cities and create vast new slums. Intellectual life was at a standstill, snuffed out even more effectively by the clerical censorship than by the political. True to form, the regime was cloaking its failure to solve social problems by extravagant public works and megalomaniac public building. A huge underpaid bureaucracy struggled to make ends meet by a multiplicity of jobs and by graft. The attitude of the workers to the Government schemes for their betterment was one of a weary cynicism. And, perhaps most sinister of all, an artificial prosperity was making an appearance, thanks to the sudden interest of America in the country's strategic uses.

Yet for all Mr. Pritchett's sharp eye for actuality, his real interests are elsewhere. He pours out the exuberance of his imagination over a diversity of subjects: whether he discusses bullfighting or Don Quixote, a wrestling-match in Tortosa or the Escorial (and how refreshing his remarks on architecture or painting are, in this Age of the Mandarin), he finds always something new, yet just, to say. Everyone should read this wise, witty and beautiful book, whether he happens to be interested in Spain or not: it has a depth of understanding and a liveliness of feeling seldom found in contemporary English writing.

HONOR TRACY

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MICHAEL JOSEPH

CATHERINE THE GREAT

Catherine the Great and Other Studies. By G. P. GOOCH. *Longmans.* 21*s.*

Having already disposed of Frederick the Great and Maria Theresa, Dr. Gooch concludes his portrait gallery of the benevolent despots of eighteenth-century Europe with Catherine the Great. This formidable German woman, who was to rule over Russia for 34 years with complete success and the utmost complacency, was careful to give no sign of her forceful character in her early years. As a girl of fifteen she had been fetched from a petty German court to St. Petersburg as a suitable mate for the heir to the throne; and as long as the Empress Elizabeth was alive she had to mask her ambition beneath an air of docility and subservience. "I shall perish or reign," she confided secretly to the English Ambassador during the long years when she was biding her time. But she had no intention whatever of perishing: that alternative was prescribed for her feckless husband, who within a few months after his accession found himself arrested, imprisoned and quietly assassinated by the terrible Orloff brothers, one of whom was Catherine's reigning lover.

Gregory Orloff was not the first in the exacting profession of minion; Stanislas Poniatowski for one had preceded him; and there was always a candidate for the situation as long as Catherine lived. "With better luck in her formative years she might have avoided the pitfalls of the flesh," writes Dr. Gooch with a modicum of disapprobation for such promiscuity. But, in truth, the succession of lovers was as necessary to support the Empress's self-esteem as her long-range correspondence with Voltaire. Monogamy would never have suited a woman who always wanted the best of everything from an *Encyclopédiste* to a guardsman.

Dr. Gooch is more concerned with Catherine as a person than as an autocrat. He does not bother us with politics or with wars, but he finds space for long extracts from the passionate correspondence with Potemkin, which reveal the girlish raptures of which a love-lorn woman of forty-five was still capable. On the intellectual side he discusses her relations with the French intelligentsia, of whom she was an ardent supporter, and her single-handed efforts to introduce some of the blessings of Western civilisation among her barbarous subjects: she abolished torture in Russia, for example, and modified the penal code. But these liberal inclinations received a rude shock from the French Revolution; and when she died in 1796 she had changed from the most advanced to the most reactionary monarch in Europe.

The Other Studies included in the book are a dissertation on Voltaire's merits as an historian, five long essays on French *salons* in the eighteenth century, and a short post-mortem on Bismarck's policy. On all these topics Dr. Gooch writes with the double assurance of learning and mature judgment. In his view Voltaire's good deed to history consisted in "brushing away the cobwebs": he brought his inspired common sense to bear on the mysteries of the past and concluded that the improbable was no less likely to be untrue if it happened a long time ago. If the result of this reasoning process was to discredit the annals of the Catholic Church, so much the better: *écrasez l'infâme* should not be excluded even from the historian's detached standpoint. Dr. Gooch's power of judicious appraisement is perhaps at its best in his analysis of the *salons* of Mme Geoffrin, Mme du Deffand, Julie de l'Espinasse and Mme Necker. The *salon* system was never exclusive: the same Parisian faces were to be seen at each of these houses on different days of the week. How then did they differ? By the character of the hostess, so Marmontel informs us. To summarise Dr. Gooch's conclusions on that matter, Mme Geoffrin was an ignorant bourgeoise with a consummate faculty for putting everyone at their ease; Mme du Deffand an aristocrat with a biting tongue; Mlle de l'Espinasse an irresistible charmer; and Mme Necker a blue-stocking and a prig. The entertainment certainly did not lack variety. But, supposing one had to choose, where would one go? Mme du Deffand for me! But I fancy that we should find Dr. Gooch sitting beside D'Alembert *chez* Mlle de l'Espinasse.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

THE TENOR AND THE VEHICLE

The Phoenix-Flower. By D. J. HALL. *Falcon Press.* 18*s.*

The Eagle of Prometheus. By JOSEPH CHIARI. *Hand & Flower Press.* 5*s.*

Cokkils. By SYDNEY GOODSIR SMITH. *MacDonald, Edinburgh.* 2*s.*

Eleven Scottish Poets. *The Poet, 108 Elder Street, Glasgow.* 2*s.*

Selected Poems. By R. C. TREVELYAN. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Hall's *The Phoenix-Flower* is a gallant attempt—the publishers rashly call it an "epic of the war"—at a realistic novel in (remarkably) blank verse. I fancy it might have been a reasonably good upper-middlebrow novel in prose, but the effect of the verse is to underline the utter falsity of many novelistic conventions:

> Rex, you're the future I am now the past.
> Oh, yes, I still move quietly on the stage,
> Advise the Foreign Secretary's aims,
> See if a string pulled here will make a puppet dance
> There cause another to abjure his plan,
> Compose long telegrams instructing how
> Some future scheme may better be advanced;
> So I can try amelioration of our lot to bring.

We still "take," I think, that sort of thing in prose; in verse, we see at once that it is as artificial, without being anything like so much fun, as

> I am determined to prove a villain.

The verse really is extraordinarily clumsy. A moment's thought should have enabled Mr. Hall to avoid the incongruous inversion of his last line there by substituting an equally flat but at least not notably absurd line, like

> So I endeavour to improve our lot.

He could have avoided, too, the near rhyme of *dance* and *advanced*. Stiffness, inversion, and all, the total effect of the blank verse is, paradoxically, that of a dogged, determined prosiness—a prosiness which leaves most actual prose standing. Mr. Hall's style, like a figure in one of Ezra Pound's epigrams, "never relaxes into grace." I cannot imagine what moved him to tell a story, which in itself might have been quite a good story, in a medium for which he seems to have no feeling or aptitude.

It is refreshing to turn from Mr. Hall's pages to a writer who is frankly "poetic." Dr. Joseph Chiari is a Corsican who served as French consul during and after the war, in Edinburgh. He has fallen in love with the Scottish landscape and the English language, and a combination of a romantic southern temperament, a dramatic and tormented European Catholic attitude to Christianity, a vivid feeling for the northern scene, and a free and bold handling of our language from, as it were, the outside, make his poems both individually attractive in themselves and fascinatingly unlike other contemporary verse in English. Here we have the romantic tradition—the French rather than the English one—undeflected by fashionable ironies, fears that the old grand gestures no longer work, or niggling worries about colloquial implications. The weakness of the manner is that it sometimes leads to effects that suggest, in English, improvisation; once he starts Dr. Chiari finds it hard to stop, and he is not good at condensation. The strength of the manner, however, lies in its dash and directness, its frankly bravura quality, which calmly runs again, today, the risks which Hugo or Lamartine ran:

> And the procession continues.
> After the cross,
> The children, the church and the notables,
> The well-groomed, well-fed, well-thinking people,
> Those dressed in morality from top to toe,
> Those who see Christ as a dominie

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Or as a policeman with the chastising rod,
And His Father as the judge of the ruthless scales;
Those who think that hearts may justly bleed
And bones may burn as tarred bodies
In inquisitions or city walls in the blaze of war,
As long as the flames and the red are
Neatly buried under the shroud of the Law.

This, of course, is "rhetoric"; it is also a head-on engagement with a great theme, and perhaps a little more rhetoric of this sort might widen the scope of contemporary English poetry.

Mr. Goodsir Smith is obviously, though in one sense an extremely learned and scholarly poet, in another a "natural" one, like Burns or W. H. Davies—a poet who can keep on turning out lyrics of a high standard, but of a certain intrinsic sameness, almost indefinitely. His most notable volume was, I think, *Under the Eildon Tree*, where he obtained an effect of humane range by counterpointing his erotic cries of pain with humour and self-irony, with something like a sketch of bohemian manners in Edinburgh. The range of *Cokkils* is narrow, a set of variations on the White Goddess theme, but the poems are, as nearly always with Mr. Smith, word-perfect, whether in the submissiveness of

White Dou o Truth
Black Dou of Luve
Perpend, incline
My sang to pruve,

or in the defiant aureate clangor of

Never, thocht I, again sall I seek out
The kingrik, fell domain
O' Aphrodite's perilous regalitie. . . .

The little pamphlet of Scottish poems in English, a kind of anti-Lallans manifesto in its way, does show why writers like Mr. Smith turn today to Lallans. There is no intrinsic reason why English-speaking outlanders should not write English well; indeed you could make out a good case that a disproportionate amount of the greatest English prose—Swift, Congreve, Berkeley, Goldsmith, Burke, Shaw, Yeats, Joyce—is by Irishmen. But Scotsmen writing verse in English do seem to be too much impressed by slightly faded English literary airs and graces, and to be unduly afraid of the tones of the speaking voice. I quote some lines at random from several of the poets in this pamphlet:

From the sad, unlovely city they ran away. . . .
O hear how my love lies undefiled
warm in my arms in peace at last. . . .
Our kind have known incredible times
and each, in his own way, can tell of the long
journey through chaos to a lone peace. . . .
Flash reason's blade out of its dazzling sheath. . . .
These spiders weave the symbols of my
thoughts. . . .

There is "nothing wrong with" these smooth verses; but, on the other hand, there is nothing startlingly or excitingly "right" about them either. They are like well-worn gambits in chess; the reader can see where the poet is going, three moves ahead. But the pamphlet contains some fine work by Mr. W. S. Graham and several of the younger writers, notably Mr. Burns Singer and Miss Kathrine Sorley Walker, show real promise.

Readers wearied of the Scots invasion should turn to the selection of the late R. C. Trevelyan's work (which includes a letter and a caricature by Sir Max Beerbohm); for no poet, at a minor level, could be more typically and pleasantly English. A scholar of fine taste and wide reading, and of generous and sensitive human feelings—Trevelyan was perhaps never sufficiently "off balance" throughout his long life to have to right himself in a really memorable poem. But if good taste, good feeling, charm and adroitness can preserve minor poetry, much of his work is likely to live; it will appeal, in calmer ages than our own, to the same sort of reader who, not always desiring the heights or the depths, turns with a similar pleasure to *The Seasons* or *The Task*.

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TO BE A PILGRIM

Jerusalem Journey: Pilgrimage to the Holy Land in the Fifteenth Century. By H. F. M. PRESCOTT. *Eyre & Spottiswoode*. 18s.

For how many generations back can you visualise your ancestors in 3D? Great-grandfather is easy, stumping his county for the Reform Bill and the Chartists. So is his great-grandfather, watching highwaymen hang one day, and sitting under the Wesleys the next. Even *his* great-grandfather can be pictured in trade with the new colonies, and stripping off his stuffy clothes to cool his body in the lukewarm water of Mobile Bay. But few of us can reach back for more than ten generations. Beyond that, men's attitudes stiffen into the angular ones of stained-glass saints and the men inside the capital letter of manuscripts, who cannot easily be imagined acting on impulse.

Miss Hilda Prescott's great gift is her talent for breaking down this time-barrier, and conjuring up the ordinary people of five and six centuries ago. She did it for Tudor England in *The Man on a Donkey*; now she has done it again, though, this time, not as a novel. *Jerusalem Journey* is her commentary on a Swiss-German travel book written in the Latin of the 1480s, and it is remarkable, first for the precision of its scholarship, and secondly for its immense readability.

On the whole, the literature of pilgrimage is dull stuff. Its writers are apt either to see their experiences in terms not of life but of theology, or to travel with minds fixed on the sin that they hope to expiate, or else with eyes glued to the ground in search of relics. Maybe, like one knight on Miss Prescott's tour, they do some stages of the journey on their knees, and need their whole attention for this desperate feat of endurance. But now and then one inquiring pilgrim succeeds, without loss of piety, in looking about him, contriving extra excursions, and taking an interest in Mediterranean shipping or the unimagined peculiarities of Saracen life. Before the Crusades, only men of the utmost stamina and enterprise could hope to reach Jerusalem from the west, and few of them had time to think of such side-issues. But later, at the time when Venice was keeping the routes open in spite of the growing power of the Turk, Christians could get there with less effort provided that they used the services of travel agencies that operated under state control from the Piazza of St. Mark. From these agents, rich pilgrims could hire a private galley, and poor ones berth space at an all-in rate that was supposed to include food as well as sight-seeing expenses in Palestine. Miss Prescott's hero is a pilgrim of this tourist class.

His name is Friar Felix Fabri, and her main source material is his book which he called his *Evagatorium* or "wandering"—a title which he judges to be a truer description than "pilgrimage" of all that he had to say. To our lasting benefit, he did the journey twice, because his first trip was haunted by disaster and hustled almost to the point of irreverence. His second journey is the masterpiece, because an old hand has time to form the judgments and make the comparisons that are as fresh and spicy as Miss Prescott's own comments on his affairs. By some accident, there are a number of good pilgrim narratives at about the same date, and, at any point where Felix's text fails her, she has done careful research that fills the breach with detail drawn from one of his contemporaries. A rich Italian advises carrying plenty of cash because "this is a journey on which the purse cannot be kept shut"; captains moored in the Grand Canal lure bookings by serving pilgrims with bait as simple as sweets—"divers subtleties, as comfits and marchpanes"; later, their victim once aboard, they think nothing of making him uncomfortable by loading far too much merchandise at ports of call—salt in Cyprus, cotton at Jaffa. In Palestine, Felix finds both sad and touching the furtive sign-language of Christian Arabs who "made crosses with their fingers and kissed them, thereby giving me to know that they were followers of the Crucified." Some pilgrims dare to admire the Moslem Dome of the Rock as "the only beautiful building in the city" and are advised by Felix, who though so adventurous is highly orthodox, to direct their attention to "genuinely holy sites."

Most of his minor experiences can be matched by any modern traveller. On shipboard, time hangs heavy between meals and men who would never otherwise do so take to gambling. Arabs, if crossed, always retort by throwing stones; "no stone-throwing" is Rule 1 in schools of Arab Palestine today. Above all, Arabs think quite differently of foreigners whom they meet for a second time. Felix's donkey man, who on the first journey had had "a very cruel look," was overjoyed to see him again, and picked him such superior figs as to arouse the suspicion among fellow pilgrims that Felix had cheated by tipping. Nothing of the sort; he was simply being treated as an old friend.

One of the secrets of Miss Prescott's splendid way with her raw material is that she and Felix are two of a kind. Both contrive to convey a depth of religious experience, yet never to miss what is noble or touching, comic or pretentious in the goings-on which, between them, they describe. At one point, she remarks of him that he possesses "that priceless gift, the enjoyment of mere experience." Her writing, her translations and her whole treatment of his doings prompt the thought that so does she. She would have joined him in climbing extra hills to get a view, or on the jaunt that he calls "F.F.F.'s Lovely Pilgrimage" and that was a bold solitary walk down the valley of the brook Kidron until he could "no longer see the Mount Sion." No doubt she would also have braved turbulence in order to make the desert journey to Sinai and Egypt on the eve of which she leaves him and which he records in a second book. So, let us hope, will she.

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English Children's Books 1600-1900. By PERCY MUIR. *Batsford.* 42*s.*

This large and handsome volume with the Kate Greenaway cover is, we soon find, essentially a bibliographical reference book—interrupted though it is by informing and sometimes provocative chapters, and by an abundance of delightful pictures. Readers who are wondering to what degree it is related to Mr. Harvey Darton's standard work on the same subject will find the question answered and the debt acknowledged at the start. "I have not attempted the detail of his portrayal," writes Mr. Muir, "but rather a broader sweep within a smaller compass. . . . What I have tended to do is to select certain noble or outstanding specimens, grouping round them the separate parts of the forest."

A disarming statement, surely; and the idiosyncratic who look in the index for *Little Women*, say, for *Ada and Gertie or Hand in Hand Heavenward*, or for *Books for the Bairns*, must not be vexed at their absence. In spite of a jocularly informal way of writing it is with scholarly and technical matters—the earliest history and the development of book production—that Mr. Muir is most at home. He has discovered, for instance, a predecessor, Thomas Boreham, to the egregious Newbery, who is generally regarded as the Caxton or Columbus of children's publishing. But in that "broader sweep" he fails to make interesting use of his own evidence. It is a phenomenon, of course, that only in very recent years—a time of inactive if not sybaritic pleasures—has reading in itself acquired a kind of virtue.

> I vividly recall when a boy [Mr. Muir relates] standing on the outskirts of an open-air meeting outside Regent's Park in which uniformed members of an American-imported form of Christianity demonstrated to the crowd the hampering nature of sin by binding one of their number in crippling bands of linen, each of which was applied to that part of the body with which a sinful appetite could be associated. Around the eyes was bound one labelled 'Reading'. . . .

Yet children's literature has been in its origin and for most of its history of a distinctly didactic nature—a bait to virtue, piety, or proper social behaviour. So far from the Devil having all the best tales, Calvinistic morality of the most formidable kind had a free run of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century nursery verse and story. Yet our modern dismay at the minatory nature of these tales and rhymes is oddly inconsistent. Compared with the murder and violence which are a stock part of so much juvenile entertainment today, even the Fairchild gibbet (which had, after all, a moral purpose) seems mild stuff indeed. Children have no distaste for morality in their reading, so long as the tale itself is good. They are not discriminating; they love the lowest when they see it; but will take the highest equally well if it comes their way. It is not irrelevant to point out here that the great period for children's stories in this country coincided with the great period of English novel-writing—about the middle and later nineteenth century—when sin and impropriety were still living (and literary) concepts; when family life of leisured people in large houses had its tensions even at schoolroom and nursery level; when no author would shrink from exploiting the pathos of poverty, the power of wealth, and all the emotions of fear and grief, virtue and repentance, love and death. Most of these things have gone. Overindulged and under-repressed, the egotistical children of contemporary stories might be forgiven if their activities provided a rousing tale. For the most part they do not.

Those of us who turn the pages for the pleasure of casual information may note that Richardson's novels (*Pamela, Sir Charles Grandison*) were as much read in the nursery as by adults; that *Struwwelpeter* (translated in 1848) was written by a Frankfurt physician to beguile his young patients; that fairy tales, particularly in France, had a fantastic surge of popularity with adults in the late seventeenth century; that Bunyan lost all his peculiar charm when writing expressly for the young. The chapter called *Nick Nacks* brings home the fact that toy books, peepshows, paper dolls, and other such pretty tricks are by no means new; some have two centuries of history. An illustration by Kate Greenaway of the old woman who lived in a shoe reminds us that this charming artist's success in drawing children was certainly equalled by her failure in drawing adults—as anyone knows who has seen her extraordinary illustrations to *The Heir of Redclyffe*. And though Mr. Muir does not state it, all the evidence goes to convince us that the most successful books for children are not written by "child-lovers," whose attitude is all too often sickly, whimsical and ingratiating, but by writers who are never completely adult themselves, or by those who combine the story-telling gift with a cynically realistic view of their audience.

But what we also learn is that even in bibliography there is an obstinate personal element. It must explain the many omissions; and also the rather casual arrangement of the lists. "The writing of the present book," records the author, "has entailed making or renewing acquaintance with some hundreds of books written for children during two and a half centuries. That this has been a labour not always of love is sometimes betrayed in these pages." Certainly, read with passion and remembered with nostalgia, books encountered in childhood survive for the adult every critical test. But ploughed through without heat for the first time by a reluctant and over-read adult, they are hardly likely to reflect the same magic. Perhaps it is for this reason that Mr. Muir gives so faint an evaluation of Talbot Baines Reed or of *Mrs. Leicester's School*, that he declares that it is impossible to assess the suitability of verse for children, and that he finds the nineteenth-century writers for girls inferior to those for boys. His silence on girls' school stories is understandable; most of them, in any case, came outside the given period; but this interesting *genre* should not be passed without a word. Even if today it has been largely replaced by more sophisticated themes from its high place as daydream literature, it is at least the one surviving form of post-nursery fiction in which human emotions still have play.

Mr. Muir finally reveals the dryness of his specialist viewpoint when he mocks the modern uneasiness about the gratuitous sadism of certain nursery rhymes and tales. The admonitory finger of Isaac Watts or of Mrs. Sherwood is not the same thing at all. I would even query his jocular contempt for Mrs. Trimmer's view of Cinderella, that it roused "envy, jealousy, a dislike for mothers-in-law and half-sisters, vanity, a love of dress," and some other failings, very notably that of self-pity. There is surely something in what she says. Who has not dimly felt it to be an unfair tale, arrogant and smug, far too heavily weighted on the side of one who had *all* the gifts, of being not only the youngest, the prettiest, but thoroughly *misunderstood*? But that takes us back to the amoral nature of fairy tales, and that is another story.

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TRACKING DOWN DISEASES

Viruses and Man. By F. M. BURNET. *Penguin Books.* 2*s.*

Annals of Medical Detection. By BERTON ROUECHÉ. *Gollancz.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

There can be very few biologists who could have produced Professor Burnet's book. There are few enough who have his experience of viruses, but, in the last resort, an intelligent journalist can "get up" the facts from technical papers with a minimum of personal experience. What tells in this case is the combination of good English, exact sense of the required scope of the text, and good sense. I have the impression that popular science, in contrast to technical papers, imposes a very stringent test of personality on those who write it—one cannot be a private laboratory genius and a public idiot if one hopes to explain science properly to a public which is as interested in context as in technicalities.

The book is a model of its kind, in being, I would hazard, one of the most intelligent works on popular science for a long time. The field offers every opportunity for the kind of silliness which such books sometimes display. The difference between the virus and the non-living, for example, is a tempting portal of entry for amateur metaphysics. Burnet's only comment is "I am something of a heretic in believing that what viruses *do* and how they do it is very much more important than what they *are*." From the bald standpoint of information the text is quite excellent, and anyone who reads it will have a fully intelligent and intelligible picture of an important biological problem. But quite apart from its informative function, it will do the reader good to meet a responsible scientist who puts the responsibility of his work perfectly explicitly, and who sees where science belongs in his pattern of thinking about society. It would not be fair to science to say that such biologists are rare, but what with the "scientist" of the comic books, and the Scientist who pontificates about society in terms of raw political dogma, the public will benefit greatly from contact with Professor Burnet, who knows what science implies as a discipline of social thought:

> Medical research is based and must be based on two premises (1) that its objective is to satisfy the universal human desire for health and the prolongation of life, that its function is to strive constantly for the prevention and cure of disease, and (2) that in doing so it must apply . . . all the logical and technical processes that make up the scientific method. Both are equally important, but the first must come first.

Bacteriology, Professor Burnet argues, has succeeded because there were few inhibitions in the way of our objective consideration of man as a mammal where infectious disease was concerned. Wherever the scientific method has been as wholeheartedly applied to human problems, it has worked, and worked brilliantly. It can

be applied to our social problems if we are willing to accept it. One group of these problems—concerned with the logistics of food and clothing for all—are obviously and eminently fit for operational research rather than political dogma.

> The second group of problems concerns the intrinsic springs of human conflict that are expressed in the desire for power . . . in aggressiveness and conversely in loyalty and subservience. Similar conflict situations can be observed and studied within every gregarious or semi-gregarious species of mammal or bird. Some day biologists and sociologists will agree that they have a common approach from the study of human behaviour to the sources of human conflict.

The ideas implicit in all this work are relatively easy to understand: easier, for the ordinary citizen, than atomic physics or public health—and immediately relevant to his own experience. It is the biologist's job to spread them.

> If . . . such an approach could filter down through the community, there might develop an attitude towards war analogous to that which now exists towards infectious disease.

More important even than the exposition of viruses? I think so, though the barriers to such an approach are not all barriers of intelligence, as psychologists would point out. It is not stupidity which would make it difficult for us to persuade Senator McCarthy, or the late-lamented Lavrenty Beria of the correctness of such a view.

Mr. Roueché had the idea—a good one—of presenting some cases of epidemiological investigation as *New Yorker* detective stories. In almost any other subject than medicine it would have worked. For some people these stories will "work." For me they don't, because, even if the victims are Pennsylvania Dutch who overeat on raw pork, trichinosis, food poisoning and so on are not funny diseases to have. The *New Yorker* tradition of jolly callousness *à la* Runyon does not extend readily to this material. If the *gefillte* fish has a deadly germ in it, the joke has a nasty taste. Runyon, I rather think, was never lacking in human sympathy. This book is, and I found it more distasteful than the sentiment which most such books have preferred.

ALEX COMFORT

NEW NOVELS

The New Men. By C. P. SNOW. *Macmillan.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A Flame for Doubting Thomas. By RICHARD LLEWELLYN. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

General from the Jungle. By B. TRAVEN. *Robert Hale.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The New Men puts beyond question the fitness of Mr. Snow's technique to surmount a task of difficulty: that of evaluating the impact of atomic military power on the minds of those few who (in England) were responsible for its birth and presided over its growth. His "new men," a small group of nuclear scientists and higher government servants, proceed from the serenity and casual secrecy of initiation, through the excitement and dangers of success, to the consternation of Hiroshima and the treacherous tension of its aftermath. Mr. Snow minutes with masterful elegance the intricacies of this shifting material. The unforced virtuosity of his performance is itself a satisfaction. But much more serious pleasure is given by the feeling that a true breakdown and interpretation has been made. Comparisons being odious, I no more than advert to the dreadful allure of the topic of scientists' treacheries (atomic or hydrogenic), and the well-meant hysteria of keen but commonplace minds in probing such matters. *The New Men* is unprecedentedly clear of all that. It persuades by dispassion, intelligence, and cool (not cold) sympathy. It has no message; but if you pause in reading to say to yourself, as I often did—"this is just how this must have been!"—are you not receiving an experience which is a kind of "message," more valuable and more necessary than the other kind? See, for instance, how Mr. Snow, with easy back-hand strokes characteristic of his technique, hits off the acute mental discomfort of research physicists hedged in by wartime security, as he remarks that before:

> . . . it had been free science, without secrets, without much national feeling. Men like Mounteney hankered after it as in a murky northern winter one longs for the south of France. In the 'twenties and 'thirties, Mounteney had felt more at home with foreigners working in his own subject than he ever could with Captain Smith or Rose or Bevill.
>
> Some of that spirit had come down to the younger men. Pure science was not national; the truth was the truth, and in a sensible world, should not be withheld; science belonged to mankind. A good many scientists were as unselfconscious as Victorians in speaking of their ideals as though they were due to their own personal excellence. But the ideals existed . . .

Technically, *The New Men* follows principles worked out in the unfinished sequence, "Lewis Eliot" narrating, of which this novel is the fifth. The workings of the "love of power" are the fulcrum that here moves a mass incomparably more formidable than the donnish squabbles of *The Masters*, Mr. Snow's last novel. The fulcrum, though, is the same—displaying the same powers and doing many of the same jobs. There are the hearty acceptance of the role of ambition, the ability to conduct a scene with easy vigour as if it was an interview and to turn it off naturally, the undisparaging admission of power-drives in women (which incidentally animates them here remarkably), the robust but supple differentiating of closely related emotions. The masculine manner expresses a masculine vision; and one criticism of Mr. Snow is that he makes unnecessary concessions to current descriptive impressionism. The author who says of a man—"He was ready to come to terms with his talents"—and deals continually with character in that spirit, is the individual master. The author who writes—"The coals fell suddenly, leaving a bright and fragile hollow in which the sparks stood still as fireflies"—is nobody in particular.

To define is to influence. Mr. Snow has defined. Yet all literary definitions of lasting influence have included an element of the future that could not actually then be seen. I feel the lack of such an element in *The New Men*, and I commend this exceptional novel as an achievement that is not a culmination.

Mr. Llewellyn has had a bleak time trying to be the great serious writer that he was forecast, on the deserved repute of *How Green Was My Valley*, to become. He has tried this and that lugubriously and conscientiously. The joy of *A Flame for Doubting Thomas* is that he has ceased to try. This novel is a fling. It throws its bonnet over the moon and across the Atlantic as far as the Pacific coast where a disillusioned history professor, Thomas K. Follett, is about to "open a concession" on an amusement pier. The youthful professor is a liberal American idealist didactically appalled by the slope down which mankind seems to be rushing, at the same time his copper hair and "washboard belly" have an effect on the pier girls, herbaceously profuse, of which he takes undisillusioned advantage.

The story is not the thing. It moves fast, but round and round, and stops when the exhausted manipulator feels that he has given his customers their money's worth. I certainly had mine. Mr. Llewellyn is a Welsh wizard, well ahead of all others at present practising. His footloose professor is a comedy Hamlet tweaked, at every encounter, in the most vital spots of his wounded ideals. Much is overdone. But what Mr. Llewellyn overdoes he overdoes well. When he falls he falls like Lucifer (in a pier-show) ready to rise again. He chances his arm and he is grossly sentimental and grossly everything; but at the core there is a kind of healthy sweetness and I could always taste the core. I enjoyed this book very much. Mr. Llewellyn's gargantuan assimilation of American ways, characters and idioms is a remarkable feat of literary digestion.

How cold is the jungle of "B. Traven," mysterious author whom no publisher has even

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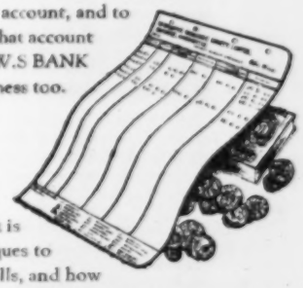

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seen and whose present opus is "translated by Desmond I. Vesey"—from what language? That too is hidden in a crocodilian anonymity whose sole visible feature is the internationally gratifying sales-chart and subsidiary emoluments of the fierce stories themselves. For "B. Traven" is the author of *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre (filmed)*—yes, I remember. Now he dispenses some episodes of a Mexican rising commanded by a young Indian in whose eagle-like nature the talents of Stonewall Jackson and Sherlock Holmes are combined, plus a dash of primitive cruelty to taste. *Muchachos* are brave, *peons* downtrodden, *rancheros* cruel, *finqueros* very cruel. Captured *muchachos*, buried up to the waists by sorrowing but obedient *peons*, are kicked and galloped over. Eisenstein had something of the sort (also "filmed") and there seems no reason why "B. Traven" should not have it. *General of the Jungle* hisses terribly at oppressors (especially an unpleasant police force called *rurales*) of the *muchachos*, etc.: but doubts about the nobility of this *saeva* (and hissed) *indignatio* do not get the upper hand until suddenly the story peters out into senseless cruelties which can be enjoyed for their own sake or not. Cobra's venom is swifter than "B. Traven's" torturing sports and more purposeful, unless, which is possible, he again is stalking that natural, legitimate prey, Hollywood: stalking, in fact, us. What was it that the publishers said about the sale of Traven's *The Death Ship*? More than *200,000 copies of the German edition alone*? Yes, that was it. (My italics.)

GILES ROMILLY

SHORTER REVIEWS

Love is Not Blind. By RUSSELL CRIDDLE. *Hutchinson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

At the age of twelve the author was hit in the eyes by a snowball; the scars left him practically blind. This story of the twenty years that followed turns out to be a document in more ways than one. While it describes a handicapped American's difficult passage into adult and professional life in a small town, then in a farming community, it also gives a dismaying picture of life in a country so fear-ridden and spiritually insecure that anyone who diverges from the crowd in thought or appearance must become a pariah. "We fear those who are different," the author writes. "To each of us, security lies in being like others." At twelve, even though his faint vision allowed him to swim, box, fight and walk about the town, he was told that "a blind guy" could not be a member of a gang. At fourteen and thereafter, his handicap made him unable to "date up" a girl or to keep one when she had discovered it. When he left school, employers, even after he had proved himself at the job, would be repelled in the same fashion. It is good to know that he did finally achieve, in farming, a non-segregating occupation; that he did, for a few years, recover his sight through a corneal graft—an operation which he lucidly describes. But for him the most important step towards conformity was in his marriage, which made it possible for him to accept in the same spirit both his recovery of sight and the total blindness now impending.

As a boy, Mr. Criddle tells us, he was the conforming animal, neither very heroic nor very perceptive; certainly not scholarly. "I felt it was bad enough to be kind of odd; I did not want to be the intellectual type as well." Necessity has since given him a dogged courage, and a shrewd, though tolerant insight into American human nature. It is sad that he should also accept its values ("Man's motives," he will tell his son, "are basically selfish"); that he is too orthodox a citizen to realise that the violent fear of not conforming may not exist outside his country's barriers; that these should, in the end, be the chief lessons of his honest and simply told tale.

The Endeavour. By LYNETTE ROBERTS. *Peter Owen.* 16*s.*

This book will only appeal to those who prefer historical novels to history. Captain Cook's first voyage to the South Seas in the barque *Endeavour* of 360 tons was a great adventure. In the course of three years he observed the transit of Venus at Tahiti, charted the coasts of New Zealand, explored the Eastern side of Australia, proved that New Guinea was a separate island, and circumnavigated the world. Both Cook himself and Joseph Banks, the leading scientist who sailed with him, kept journals during the expedition which were subsequently printed. From these two main first-hand accounts, supplemented by stories from others aboard the little ship and a variety of miscellaneous information, Miss Roberts has been able to compose a dramatic version of the voyage, drawing on the resources of her romantic imagination and a rich nautical vocabulary to fill in the gaps.

"I am quite able to describe some sumptuous scenes," says the authoress in her introduction; and the reader will certainly not deny her prowess in that respect, when the native girls of Tahiti get busy among the crew. But she throws in many grim reminders that the South Seas were far from paradisal: floggings, bad food, tropical fevers and venereal disease were more constant attendants on those aboard the *Endeavour* than occasional bevies of brown beauties. Perhaps the most vivid description in the book is that of the ship's running aground on a coral reef off Australia. (Miss Roberts has been wrecked herself along with a cargo of wild animals and can speak with personal experience of the hullabaloo that ensues.) The *Endeavour* was badly holed and would have been a total loss, had not a lump of coral broken off and providentially jammed in the bottom of the ship.

Restoration Carnival. By V. DE SOLA PINTO. *Folio Society.* 18*s.*

"That universal Spirit," jubilated St. Evremond in his epistolatory life of Rochester "of Joy and Pleasure which spread over these fortunate Islands at the Restauration!" The lyrics it prompted from Charles the Second's "mob of gentlemen" have in a critical dictum by Dr. Leavis been set beside the earlier amorous verse of Carew and others to clinch the claim that, "the old fine order . . . the 'court culture' did not survive the period of disruption, exile and 'travels.'" Professor Pinto's pleasantly decorated biography-anthology, which follows his edition of Rochester last year, offers at last a fair selection of this Restoration work; and the common reader may now judge Dr. Leavis's dictum for himself.

It appears at once that *a* culture, one, too, of some distinction, certainly did survive the period of disruption. Even putting Rochester apart—by far the best poet of the group and its most "committed" Hobbesian—the range, the suppleness, indeed the consistent fineness is surprising. Only Etherege's commonplace manner patently registers decay (Roscommon being judiciously omitted): Sedley, Dorset and Sheffield all do have their moments of originality, of power; as—to cite a well-known instance—in Dorset's description of Dorinda's impulsiveness:

> Her Cupid is a black-guard boy,
> That runs his link full in your face.

And isn't this striking roughness more pleasing than the more accomplished, quite effortless near contemporary French *galante* poetry, written in a

Company Meeting

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DIFFICULTIES DULY MET AND OVERCOME

STATEMENT OF THE CHAIRMAN

Colonel Denis H. Bates, Chairman, in a statement to stockholders for submission at the 77th Annual Meeting on May 19th says:—

Following the last Annual Meeting Mr. F. A. Bates wished to be relieved of the responsibilities of the Chairmanship and the directors honoured me with the appointment.

1953 has been no exception in providing difficulties, which have as usual been overcome owing to the energy and devotion of our staffs to whom and to our agents I pay tribute for magnificent work. Consolidated surplus at £3,065,339 is £559,000 lower than 1952, after £3,076,318 for taxation, itself lower by £1,481,000.

In the North Atlantic results have been lower than 1952 for while pasengers carryings were satisfactorily maintained there was a decline in homeward cargoes, caused by our national lack of dollars, and freight rates also fell. The Mediterranean service made a smaller contribution because of more difficult trading conditions. Most of the reduction resulted from less remunerative operations in the Australasian and Indian freight services, and operational costs have continued to rise.

Wear and tear allowances form the backbone of ship replacement and my predecessor annually emphasised their inadequacy. I therefore welcome the new "Investment Allowances" as our shipbuilding liability at £17,820,000 is higher than for many years and needing further additions before long. This "help" may not be large but when the economy of Britain is under strain any assistance in the replacement problem is helpful. The implied admission is that at long last the Treasury as the sleeping partner in industry realises that the problem exists. There is NO true profit until provision is made annually for renewal at current costs. The Treasury has absorbed over £19,000,000 of our earnings in the past five years. The tonnage we require is of the highest class in the world and correspondingly expensive. Consolidated reserves at £33,898,000 are increased by £2,370,000. Final dividend is 13½%, a total of 16% for the year. An interim dividend of 2½% for 1954 will be paid with the final dividend for 1953.

"SAXONIA," first of our new Canadian ships was launched in February; the second, "INVERNIA," we expect will be launched towards the end of the year and with continuing faith in Canada's destiny we ordered a third ship for delivery in 1956. First of three new Mediterranean ships, "PAVIA," completed last July justified expectations; a second, "LYCIA," will be ready after the middle of the year, to be followed by the "PHRYGIA." The Port and Brocklebank Lines also have full replacement programmes.

1954 prospects for North Atlantic passenger traffic are reasonably good; we have not the magnet of the Coronation, which, however, in the result rather altered the timing of the movement than produced any great increase. The cargo outlook is as last year: the eastbound position still adversely affected by currency restrictions, the westbound movement likely to be well maintained. Outward trades to Australasia should benefit from relaxed import restrictions.

Attempt at prophecy in all these matters, so entirely beyond our control, is a vain thing but backed by the loyalty of our whole organisation I believe we are fitted to maintain and give service, be it Cunard, Port or Brocklebank.

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MEMORIAL THEATRE
STRATFORD-UPON-AVON
August 23rd to September 1st
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MAY DAY MEETING
Conway Hall, London, W.C.1.
Sunday, May 2nd, 7 p.m.
Speakers: E. Wilmott and C. May
Admission Free—Questions and Discussion

conventional diction full of *flamme*, *trépas*, etc. by such poets as Voiture, Racan, Madame de la Suze? Their work, as Professor Pinto indicates in his excellent introduction, represented a challenge for the English courtier, especially for this erudite Frenchified "merry gang".

End of an Exile. By JAMES PARKES. *Vallentine, Mitchell.* 15s.

Dr. Parkes sub-titles his book "Israel, the Jews and the Gentile World," and in these few words comprehends his subjects with economy. He has put together a number of pieces composed at various times, and has made of them a unified discourse on themes which have engaged his scholarship for the last quarter of a century. The Diaspora was difficult enough to chronicle and analyse; the philosemitic *goy*—and clergyman into the bargain—has now to fit Zion realised in the frame of his study of Jewish matters.

Among the threads of argument in *End of an Exile* is one which seems to run like this. The modern fate of Jews in the western world has much "gentilised" them; in their religion and their politics they have taken on the (non-protective) colouring of their surroundings. ". . . Israel today is the quintessence of Jewish secular experience in the diaspora. . . ." In the new State the only effective Judaism appears to be that of the "orthodox" minority, and this inhibits the development of a Jewish religion better adapted to the needs of the new nation. It is to the communities of the "exile" that we should perhaps look for a future restatement and reformulation of Judaism. Certainly it is clear that the emergence of Israel by no means entails the dissolution of the "exile." The Diaspora may need the State, but the State has much need of the Diaspora, and this not simply for short-run economic reasons.

However one may assess Dr. Parkes's arguments and weigh his large-scale generalisations, however much one may question his assumptions and dispute his conclusions, there is in his book a wealth of ideas, vigorously propounded, to urge us on to a clearer appraisal of the complex of problems which too easily pass out as The Jewish Question. Dr. Parkes's publishers appear to think that his book "is bound to evoke strong controversy." They are probably thinking of their Jewish market; Gentiles will read *End of an Exile* with less involvement, but will have more to learn.

The Italian Element in Milton's Verse. By F. T. PRINCE. *Oxford.* 12s. 6d.

There is matter for singular gratitude, at a time when still too many suppose that poetry grows like a casual seed dropped in shallow soil, when a scholar gives us a new study of the prosodical discipline of our sublime, controlled, yet most natural-seeming poet. Natural to himself, that is; his eloquence is certainly not natural to other people. Yet the splendid swell, with or without the irregular rhyming, appears to be the very movement of his profound and subtle genius working upon supreme themes. The style, so carefully formed from many streams by inspired eclecticism, flows with a strong river's impetus; and this energetically mystical Puritan spun something approaching the solemnity of the Church's public worship, the outgrowth of centuries yet seemingly devised fresh for the worship of each day.

After years of study of English and classical sources, no one had quite laid his hand on the key to the transcendent technical advance in Milton's quality of majesty. J. S. Smart explored the Italian background of the sonnets, which already show the characteristic unfaltering attack. Now Mr. Prince has analysed the sustained control of *Lycidas* and the three great poems, and has done great service in discovering the moulding of a "magnificent" style from two allied sources: the later Italian Renaissance and the Counter-Reformation. His patient comparison with the "concentrated beauty" of Della Casa, and with the prolific artifice of Tasso uncovers a truth so convincing that it seems obvious; that is the way with discoveries. He discusses the tricks of the "magnificent" style, distinguished by its *asprezza* from the Petrarchan sweetness: systematic accentuation, prolonged sentence-structure, distorted diction used for prosodic effect, the key line in rhyme, these and others play their part, and are turned by Milton from artifice to something inevitable. The book needs not merely reading but study together with the poems.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,262

Set by Giles Blagrave

"On Sunday morning another party of the Somersets saw three terrorists in the same area drop their packs and run. One pack contained a bottle of Benedictine."—(*The Times.*) The usual prizes are offered for a Whitehall Warrior's tall story combining the extremes of danger and luxury. Entries by May 11.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,259

Set by Naomi Lewis

Prizes are offered for a new beast fable in not more than 16 lines of verse with a moral directed at any aspect of contemporary professional life.

Report by Naomi Lewis

Competitors were frail on morals—though (as a glance at the printed entries will confirm) the Chesterfieldian or Expedient would have served. The animal world ought to be full of lessons; the drudging horse, the laboratory rat, the frog, that coming always by way of a tadpole, can never have any ancestors. But perhaps modern professional life does not permit many ethical deviations. Schoolmastering drew the most fire—often, I regret to say, in the pupil's favour; though Molly Manfield had point in her pretty French fable of the teacher beasts who grumbled but refused to strike. Church and Law, Politics, Police and Press were only gingerly touched on (which is surely strange), artists, writers, and such people doing rather better. But it was a workmanlike quality—a proper sense of all the three elements in the competition—that got the winners to the post. They are the five printed below. Runners-up are Edward Blishen, Paul Potter, Molly Manfield, Elaine Morgan, J. R. Till, R. Hemington, Robert Gaffikin, John Thornton.

THE SNAIL AND THE SLUG

A certain Snail once felt the Tug
Of Pity for a hapless Slug.
"Poor Slug! No home! No Shelter!" wept
The tender Mollusc. "Pray accept
This House of mine." But by no Shift
Could Snail or Slug transfer the Gift.
Observing the Attempts they made,
A passing Thrush proposed his Aid,
But owing to his Lack of Care
The Shell was smashed beyond Repair.
The Helpmate, by a treach'rous Turn,
Then ate them both . . . The Moral learn.
Conveyancing should always be
Effected for the standard Fee,
And Offers of Assistance gratis
Should be suspected. *Verb. sap. satis.*

LESLIE JOHNSON

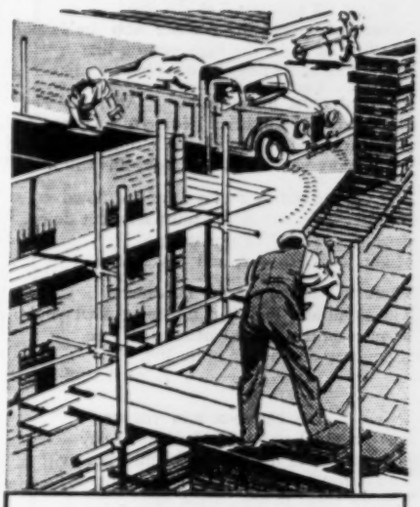
NEITHER FIVE NOR THREE

Cross-breeding, that absurd magician,
By Chemist out of Mathematician,
Produced the Physicist, a beast
The animals had welcomed least,
If they had realized the force,
Secreted in this Trojan Horse.

The animals' religious lore
Was based on Two and Two makes Four:
Their weekly form of adoration,
A sacrificial permutation.

The Physicist used Mathematics
To make their world do acrobatics.
By Number's Laws it chanced to slay
All of the animals one day.
And all might still have been alive
If only two and two made five.

J. P. MULLARKY



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THE SPIDER AND THE WASP

A spider sat contented in the sun;
Before her spread the delicate web she'd spun;
One foot of eight she kept upon a line
Which told her when she was about to dine.

It jerked most lustily now. "Aha, Sir Fly!"
She cried. "Hang there! I come to suck you dry!
"Yes, struggle as you please; I think you'll find
"The more you strive, the closer this will bind."

And she ran out, to find a wasp had flown
Into her web, which she must now cut down,
Because so powerful a prisoner
Might well lash out, and make an end of her.

There is a moral for the bureaucrat:
The small and foolish don't know what you're at,
So prey on them; but hasten to set free,
If you trap one, a man of quality.

J. E. M. LUCIE-SMITH

THE PADDOCK AND THE PEN

Ane greedy Laird upon ane April day
His seely ewes hes off thair lambs bereavit.
The fairest he in paddock green did stay;
The warrochs in ane barren pen he leavit,
Wher thai kail-runts at almous-deed recevit.
"Do now thy kind," quod than this April fool.
"Go you mak mutton, and go ye mak wool."

Ane warroch that still wexit stout and slee
For evir on the paddock cast his een,
Whereas his marrows wanderit frank and free.
Ane brave loup brocht him fra the lailly pen
In paddock for to live baith snug and bein.
This fremmit lamb is now the A per se
Of all the lambs that browsis on the lea.

Moralitas

Lat be, lat see! Wha may sae early ken
Whilk youngling fits the paddock, whilk the pen?

Quod MR. WM. LINDSAY
Scholemaister of Cupar

Warroch—weakling; *fremmit*—estranged, exiled; *lailly*—loathsome.

THE BIRD PROGRAMME

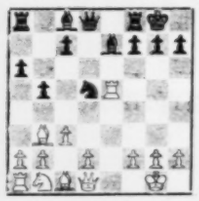
Nightingale sang in the cool cool wood,
Liquid tunes—all creatures sang.
The Animals lived and loved, and good
Was the life, the trees among.
One day the bird thought—why only fools
Please all creatures—let me see
If I am master of my tools:
Let's have songs sans melody.
My song must have Thought, Significance,
Discord, Half-Tone, Master mood
Must pour intricate magnificence;
Be mathematical; brood.
A mixed choir of warthogs sang his tune.
Few beasts came to hear the row.
The Brutish Council gave N. the moon.
But the woods are silent now.

ANDREW CROWCROFT

CHESS: The Marshal and Democracy

No. 239

There ought to be two I's; for I am not alluding to one of the Eastern Marshals nor to the American General of that name; I am thinking of Frank Marshall and his gambit variation in the defence of the Lopez. But why Democracy? Because our Non-Londoners neglected its most sacred Right, and thereby learned



the lesson of many a by-election where people don't bother to vote because they trust, others will do it. It so happened that only one or two voted for each of the sensible moves available on White's 19th, but three sent in the suicidal Q-Kt2, and rather more (of the non-voters) subsequently complained about the blunder. Up to that point it was a most interesting game, first following and then deviating from some recent Russian analysis of this interesting variation. Here is the "basic position" reached after White's 11th. Marshall, in his famous game against Capablanca continued Kt-B3, with the sequel: (12) R-K1, B-Q3, (13) P-KR3, Kt-Kt5! (14) Q-B3, Q-R5, (15) P-Q4, Kt x P! (16) R-K2!. Of course, Capa couldn't take the Kt on account of B x P ch. Even so he remained in grave danger until he managed to wriggle out—quite an achievement after having so dangerous a surprise sprung on him. Anyway, our Londoners deviated from Marshall's 11th by the rather more modern and promising P-QB3, with the fairly obvious (but by no means inevitable) sequel (12) P-Q4, B-Q3, (13) R-K1, Q-R5, (14) P-Kt3, Q-R6. Here the Non-Londoners wisely refrained from the tempting (15) R-K4 which has been found wanting by Petrosjan, Averbach, Simagin and others. ((15) . . . P-Kt4! (16) Kt-Q2, P-KB4! (17) R-K3, P-B5! (18) P x P, Q-R3!). Our Non-Londoners, however, played (15) Q-Q3 which, according to Boleslavski, Suetin, Aronin and others seems to be best. Krogius tried (15) . . . Kt-B3, (16) Q-B1, Q-B4, (17) B-K3, B-Kt2, (18) Kt-Q2, QR-K1. But the usual line seems to be (15) . . . B-B4 (16) Q-B1, Q-R4, though Szabo once tried (not very successfully) to retreat the Q to Kt5 and then to push the KRP. The usual idea is for the Black QB subsequently to go to KR6 so as to dislodge the White Q. But our Londoners, on their 15th, again deviated from the usual line by playing their B to KKt5; it seems a good idea since it keeps the square f5 available for a subsequent push of the KBP. I am not so sure, though, if the Non-Londoners were well advised in swopping their KB for the Kt. Even so, up to that fatal blunder on the 19th they had a perfectably tenable position, and the Londoners had yet to prove that their positional advantage was worth the P sacrificed.

A: F. Marshall
1926

As for the 4-pointer for beginners, this week, it should certainly pay homage to Frank Marshall. How and why, playing White, in this game position, did he force his opponent's resignation by one mighty stroke? Both **B** (6 points) and **C** (7 points) are draws, and the latter may well be underrated but for the helpful hint that the main variation, surprisingly, leads to a stalemate.

B: Herbstmann
1953

C: H. M. Mattison
1924

Usual prizes. Entries by May 10.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 236. Set April 10

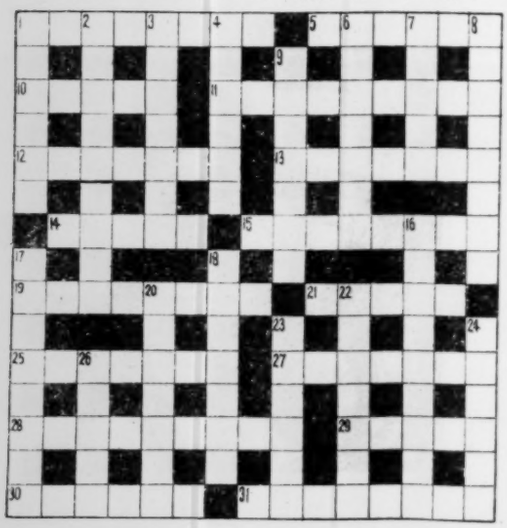
A: (1) Q-QB1, B x P ch? (2) K-R2, B-Kt2, (3) R-B8 ch! K-R2, (4) R-QR8 ch, K x R, (5) Q-B8 ch, etc.
B: (1) R-B7 ch, R-Q2, (2) Q-B5 ch, K-Q1, (3) K-R6!! etc.
C: (1) P-Kt7 ch, Kt x P, (2) Kt-B7 ch, K-Kt1, (3) B-B5! P queens, (4) Kt-R6 ch, K-R1, (5) B-Q6! etc.

Quite a few competitors were stumped by **B** and/or **C**; others dropped a point or two over either of them. Even so, I got well over a score of flawless solutions. Prizes shared by E. Allan, C. Allen, K. Beaumont, J. D. M. Bell, R. C. Chaturvedi. Winner of the 16th Decade is G. S. Fisher who usually scores full marks, though competing not very regularly; even so he has totted up 734 points; 2nd prize to C. H. Brown who has amassed 711 points; 3rd to E. Allan who scored 616 points since he had to start from scratch as one of the 12th Decade winners last May. A. Schneider (4th prize) has done even better by totting up 583 points since he started from scratch in July after the 13th Decade.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 98

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 98, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on May 11



ACROSS

1. Date-line crosser's sad expression? (8).
5. It is necessary if one wants to make the bank cash large cheques (6).
10. Festival of Britain road for the Empress? (5).
11. Bill for President of the Board of Trade (9).
12. Make love in automobiles; they are comfortable underneath one (7).
13. "Pleased with a rattle —— with a straw" (Pope) (7).
14. This line is prophetic (5).
15. Bearing with air and grace in it (8).
19. The returning dictator comes at the beginning of this reference (8).
21. Polish suburb of London (5).
25. Headgear of the city in the back street (7).
27. A writer to defeat a club (7).
28. Bird suitable for army rations? (9).
29. This craft may have following winds (5).
30. Gloomy and vexed about the doctor (6).
31. Sport is a change of condition (8).

DOWN

1. Bred by April out of the dead land, says Eliot (6).
2. Beauty with a literary following (5, 4).
3. A rotter is at the top of the school (7).
4. Wait for morning over the jungle (6).
6. Philosopher with money at heart (7).
7. Not forbidden to grow up in the fifties (5).
8. They may make us desire what are left over (8).
9. A writer, but not of peace (7).
16. Those who are innocent have an answer to a complicated crime (9).
17. Dogs make a quarrel in the crowd (8).
18. "I 'listed at home for a lancer" (——) (7).
20. A Manxman, perhaps, without me to calumniate (7).
22. Clothes at home (7).
23. Charm like the last listener (6).
24. Difficult catches for sportsmen (6).
26. He is in the drink; a sure sign of a cold in the head (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 95

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 96

Isobel M. Sinclair (*Edinburgh*), *A. Owen* (*Southgate, N.*14), *L. V. Stanhope* (*Manchester*, 20).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 *inclusive or a woman aged* 18-59 *inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order*, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Australia. The Senate will shortly proceed to make an appointment to the Chair of Oriental Studies which has been vacant since the resignation of Professor J. K. Rideout in 1949. Applicants for the Chair should be scholars who have specialised in Chinese or Japanese language and literature and whose mother tongue is English. After an appointment has been made to the Chair it is proposed to appoint a Lecturer or Senior Lecturer whose mother tongue is the language being taught. Salary will be at the rate of £A2,500 per annum. There is a normal retirement provision under the Professorial Superannuation Scheme and, in addition, a pension of not less than £A400 per annum upon retirement after the age of sixty years. Finance available for home purchase under Staff Members' Housing Scheme. The Senate reserves the right to fill the Chair by invitation. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is June 5.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Australia. The Senate will shortly proceed to the appointment to the Chair of Greek which becomes vacant on the resignation of the present occupant, Professor A. D. Trendall, who has been appointed Master of University House, the Australian National University. Salary will be at the rate of £A2,500 per annum. There is a normal retirement provision under the Professorial Superannuation Scheme, and, in addition, a pension of not less than £A400 per annum upon retirement after the age of sixty years. Finance available for home purchase under Staff Members' Housing Scheme. The Senate reserves the right to fill the Chair by invitation. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is May 29, 1954.

CITY of Bath Education Committee. Bath Academy of Art, Corsham Court, Wilts. Principal: Clifford Ellis. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Art Education, which will be vacant on September 1, 1954. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from The Secretary, Bath Academy of Art, Corsham Court, Wilts. H. W. Brand, Director of Education, Education Department, Guildhall, Bath.

UNIVERSITY College, Ibadan, Nigeria. Applications are invited for Assistant Librarian. Salary on scale £800 x £50—£1,000 p.a., plus temporary increase of £100 p.a. Point of entry determined by qualifications and experience. Child allowance £50 p.a. per child (maximum £150 p.a.) for children resident in Nigeria or £100 p.a. per child (maximum £300 p.a.) for children resident elsewhere. Outfit allowance £60 on first appointment. Passages paid for member of staff and wife and assisted passages for children on appointment, termination and annual leave. Part furnished accommodation at rent not exceeding 7.7% of salary. Applications (six copies) giving details of academic, professional and language qualifications, naming three referees, to be received by May 8 by the Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education in the Colonies, 1 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited from graduates (men or women) for the post of Assistant Secretary to the University Press. Commencing salary £400-£500 per annum with membership of the F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than May 15, 1954, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

ASSISTANT Commissioners, National Savings Committee. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for about 10 pensionable posts. Age at least 21 on March 1, 1954. University education and knowledge of economics desirable. Final year university students may apply. Experience of public speaking, supervision of office procedure, organisation of work with the public, an advantage. Starting salary (including extra duty allowance, where payable), according to age, e.g., at 21, £410; at 25 or over on entry, £535 (men), £507 (women). Maximum £1,074 (men), £928 (women). Somewhat lower in provinces. Prospects of promotion. Particulars and application form from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 154/54; appl. forms to be returned by May 15, 1954.

ASSISTANT Matron needed for Summer term on Boys' side of Co-ed. Prep. School. Nursing experience not necessary. Essential qualifications, sense of humour, kindliness and a real desire to help children solve their problems. Apply Principal, Bylands School, Ltd., Strathfield Turgis, Near Basingstoke. 'Phone Turgis Green 262.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CIVIL Service Commission. Assistant Director of Examinations. This pensionable post in the Commission (London) with responsibility for History and General papers will become vacant in August, 1954. Age 25-30 on August 1, 1954, but well qualified candidates over 30 will be considered. Qualifications: Degree, preferably with first class honours, in History, or Economics with History, or Philosophy, Politics and Economics. Good university or school teaching experience desirable; examining and interviewing experience an advantage. Duties: Critical examination of draft examination papers, control of marking of candidates' work, preparation of syllabuses, general maintenance of standards, interviewing. Salary, including extra duty allowance, where payable, £475—£1,383 men, £475—£1,216 women. Starting salary up to £1,048 men, £877 women, according to age and experience. Application forms and full details from Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1., quoting No. 4312/54. Application forms to be returned by May 15, 1954.

CIVIL Service Commission: Statistician Class of the Home Civil Service. The closing date for the receipt of completed application forms has been extended to May 31, 1954. Age 20½-24 on August 1, 1954, with extension for Regular Forces service, up to two years for other Forces service, and up to three years for post-graduate experience. For particulars and application forms write (preferably by postcard) to Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gdns., London, W.1, quoting No. 21/54.

COMMISSIONS in the Women's Royal Air Force. Applications are invited from women over 18½ and under 37 to train as officers in the W.R.A.F. Initial appointments are for short-service commissions—generally five years. Pay begins at £242 p.a. and can rise to £1,259 for those selected for long-service commissions. Free accommodation and rations or allowance in lieu. All candidates must pass a selection and a medical board. There are two methods of entry. For a commission, granted after technical and officer training, in the Secretarial, Equipment or Fighter Control branches, candidates must be educated to G.C.E. (ordinary level) or Scottish Leaving Certificate standard. For direct commissions in the Technical Education, Catering, Equipment or Secretarial branches, applicants should possess a university degree or the Intermediate Certificate of appropriate professional examinations, but those with sufficient practical experience will also be considered.—Full details from Air Ministry, A.R.1 (D.31), Adastral House, London, W.C.2.

EXPERIMENTAL Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable posts. Applications may be accepted up to December 31, 1954, but forms should be returned as soon as possible as an earlier closing date may be announced either for the competition as a whole or in one or more subjects. Interview Boards will sit at frequent intervals. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects: (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Biological Sciences, (d) Engineering subjects and (e) Miscellaneous (including e.g., Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). Age limits: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1954; for Assistant Experimental Officers at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1954. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates must have at least one of a number of specified qualifications. Examples are Higher School Certificate, General Certificate of Education, Scottish Leaving Certificate, Scottish Universities Preliminary Examination, Northern Ireland Senior Certificate (all in appropriate subjects and at appropriate levels), Higher National Certificate, University degree. Candidates taking their examinations in 1954 may be admitted. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. In general a higher standard of qualification will be looked for in the older candidates than in the younger ones. Salary (London): Experimental Officer £720-£890 (men); £625-£760 (women). Assistant Experimental Officer £290-£645 (men); £290-£545 (women). Starting pay according to age up to 26. At 18, £290; at 26, £520 (men), £490 (women). Somewhat lower outside London. Promotion prospects. Further particulars and application forms from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1., quoting No. S94-95/54.

NATIONAL Institute for Research in Dairying requires Personal Assistant (female) to Head of Physiology department. Good secretarial qualifications essential. Degree in Biological Science or some biological experience would be an advantage as would some knowledge of foreign languages. Commencing salary according to age in scale, £335 (age 21)—£445 (age 26 or over on entry) —£485 (maximum), with superannuation. Applications, with names of two referees, to reach Secretary of the Institute, Shinfield, Reading, within 1 week. Quote ref. 54/4.

CHILDREN'S Worker required by the Bernhard Baron St. George's Jewish Settlement, Berner Street, E.1, for one year from August 1, 1954. Experience in group work with under-11's necessary, case-work training advantageous but not essential. Apply, with two copies of testimonials, to Mrs. Sopel.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. requires one Scriptwriter (British) immediately and two later in year in European Productions Department of External Services. Duties include writing documentary feature programmes presenting British institutions and way of life, and explaining British attitude to international problems and events, for broadcasting in English to Europe and for translation into other European languages. Thorough knowledge of current affairs, and of political, economic and social problems of Europe, and ability to write are essential. Experience in documentary film or radio writing, and knowledge of one or more European countries and languages would be an advantage. Successful candidates will be offered contract for one to three years with salary of £850 to £1,000 dependent on experience and qualifications. Requests for applications forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "176-N.Stm.") should reach Head of Programme Contracts, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

B.B.C. requires Assistant in Central Establishment Office. Duties: to deal with correspondence on matters concerning post grading and organisation, especially that connected with manual staff and Overseas offices; to prepare information, reports and analyses required in connection with general research on staffing problems; to undertake proportion of organisation and methods investigation work. Objective and analytical mind and wide general interests essential. Previous experience of work entailing exercise of judgment in collection and assessment of information and in preparation of reports an advantage. Education preferably up to University degree standard. Salary £870 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,175 maximum. Requests for Application Forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting ref. "173 N.S. & N.") should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

B.B.C. invites applications for Reserve List of Russian Monitors. No immediate vacancies. Duties: to report in English on radio transmissions in Russian. Complete idiomatic grasp of Russian and good knowledge of current political events essential, ability to understand Lithuanian an advantage. Starting salary £645 (may be higher if qualifications exceptional), rising by 5 annual increments to £880 maximum. Requests for applications forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "175-N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

LONDON County Council. Royal Festival Hall. Assistant General Manager to be responsible under the General Manager for lettings for the Hall and the conduct of concerts and all other functions at the Hall. High administrative ability essential and experience of management of halls desirable. Salary £1,250—£1,400 according to qualifications and experience. Apply by May 29 on form obtainable from Clerk of the Council (g), County Hall, London, S.E.1. (419).

ST. BERNARD'S Hospital for Nervous and Mental Disorders, Southall, Middlesex. Psychologist (Part-Time) required (4 sessions weekly). National Health Service Whitley Council rates and conditions. Applications giving full details of age, qualifications, experience, and names and addresses of three referees, to Physician Superintendent. The successful candidate may be required to pass a medical examination.

CITY of Leicester Children's Committee. Desford Boys' School, Nr. Leicester. Applications invited from State Registered Nurses for post of Resident Nurse to be responsible for health of boys at this Junior Approved School (200 boys aged 9-15 years). School situated eight miles west of Leicester. Salary and conditions of service as laid down by Whitley Council. Commencing salary £425 per annum, rising by annual increments of £15 to £545 per annum. Deduction of £145 per annum for board residence, etc. Applications, accompanied by two recent testimonials and names of two referees, to Headmaster, Desford Boys' School, Desford, Leicester, from whom further particulars may be obtained. Closing date for application within 14 days of appearance of this advertisement.

VACANCY for qualified and experienced family caseworker (woman) in July. Salary £450-£550. Application, giving full details and testimonials, to General Secretary, Liverpool Personal Service Society Inc., 34 Stanley Street, Liverpool, 1.

PLEASE will any couples, or single men and women who are interested in helping to develop a children's community, with accommodation for parents, write to Mrs. Cadbury, The Oaks, Bosham, Chichester, Sussex. Home Farm. Capital not essential.

ASST. Warden for Hostel, or married couple. State age, wage & ability. Mr. Joyce, 33 Rosslyn Hill, Hampstead.

SECRETARY Shorthand-Typist required for Child Development Research Unit. Salary within range £250-£415 acc. age and experience. Send full particulars to Miss Ure, Tavistock Institute of Human Relations, 2 Beaumont St., W.1.

FAMILY Service Units require resident caseworkers, both men and women, for the extension of their pioneer work with problem families in Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham, Bristol, London and other parts of the country. Apply F.S.U., 159 Westbourne Grove, London, W.11.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE University of Southampton. Department of Economics. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Statistics. Salary scale—£450 x £50—£550; with F.S.S.U. and children's allowance benefits. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary and Registrar, The University, Southampton.

THE Philips Group of Companies has a vacancy for a Personnel Officer in a factory in South-West London. At present there are 550 employees, but the factory is expanding. The vacancy is open to men and women equally, but all candidates should have a university degree or its equivalent in academic attainment or in experience. Specialist training in personnel management will be considered an advantage. The personnel function is not highly developed, and the job may be regarded to some extent as a pioneer one, and as one presenting considerable opportunities to someone with the ability to make progress in developing good relationships. The salary will vary according to experience, but will be between £650 and £950 a year, although more might be paid to a candidate with very exceptional qualifications. Applications, in writing, should be sent to Mr. D. F. Hutchison, Chief Personnel Officer, Philips Electrical Industries Limited, Century House, Shaftesbury Ave., W.C.2, marked "C.P.D."

FAIRDENE and Netherne Hospitals, Coulsdon, Surrey. There will be two positions vacant for Psychiatric Social Workers in the near future. (One in sole charge, one basic.) These offer opportunities for research, outpatient work, social clubs, work in the community as well as Hospital cases. Clerical help and use of car available. Applications giving full particulars of age, experience, etc., and names of referees should be sent to the Physician Superintendent.

GENERAL Secretary required from Aug. 1 by British Branch of International Work Camp Organisation. Salary £450-£500. Wide scope in interesting work. Applications to Chairman, International Voluntary Service for Peace, 19 Pembridge Villas, W.11, by May 15.

WOMAN Physics Graduate reqd. July or end Sept. for perm. full-time or part-time work. W.1. Write Box 7507.

WANTED: person to assist in and ultimately take over management of musical organisation. Write stating interest in music (orchestral) and experience. Box 7652.

ANTIQUARIAN Booksellers in West End req. Cataloguer and General Assistant (male) with knowledge German, French and History of Art. Previous exper. useful though not essent. Good prospects. Box 7544.

JUNIOR Bookshop Assistant. Interesting & progressive job available for young person under 20 to work with well-known literary figure at Collet's Hampstead bookshop. Excellent start for career in book world. T.U. wages and conditions. 2 weeks' holiday this year for permanent staff. 'Phone CHA. 4756.

A FRENCH/English secretarial vacancy occurs in the Central Administrative Office of a large organisation with world-wide interests. Applicants should be capable typists with a good general education, impeccable English, sound fluent French and must be prepared to type from dictaphone records in both languages. The position is an important one and a very high standard of work is required. The salary will be commensurate with the qualifications and abilities of the successful candidate. Apply initially in writing to the Personnel Officer, May & Baker Ltd., Dagenham, Essex.

N.U.S. require Temporary Clerk, 4-6 months, preferably not over 30. For receiving foreign students for N.U.S. Farm Camps. Experience office routine, & languages an asset. Salary £5-£6 p.w. according to experience. Previous applicants should not apply. Write or telephone for application form to Vacation Work Organiser, 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1. Euston 2184.

SHORTHAND-typist required. 5-day week. W.C.1 area. Salary according to experience. Box 7709.

ALL Office Staff supplied and wanted. CHA. 8471. Holborn Secretarial Agency, 4 Holborn Place, W.C.1. No fees staff.

ACME Agency for perm. and temp. office jobs. No Fees. 4 Blenheim St., Bond St., W.1 (1st right Oxford St. end). GRO. 4577.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists for occasional work on our Emergency Staff. £6 10s. 30-hour week. Introductions to permanent posts. Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham. MUS. 7379.

OVERSEAS Jobs—excellent rate of pay. Write for particulars of our guaranteed Job List. Universal Vacancies, 28 Hillgate Street, London, W.8.

A PANEL of Temporary Shorthand and Copy Typists is being enrolled by St. Stephen's Secretariat for work during the Spring and Summer. 10-5. No Sats. Any period. All districts. 38 Parliament St., S.W.1.

RESIDENT working Housekeeper urgently required by professional couple. Girls 7 and 9 day-school. Much free time day, term-time. Comfortable home. Radio, records, garden. Help with rough. Woman with girl over seven considered. Brierley, 87 Valleyfield Rd., S.W.16. STR. 4796 evgs.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—cont. on p. 578

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—cont. from p.577

ITALIAN family require someone to help with children and speak English. Own bedroom. Regular free time. Pocket money. Lamberti, Via Delle Rose 16, Bologna, Italy.

PART-time mother's help in doctor's family. Afternoons & evgs. free. Light housewk. and care of children. PRI. 3804 after 4 p.m.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

M.P. seeks part-time post in London or Tyneside. Fellow of the Chartered Institure of Secretaries. Commercial experience prior to office in Labour Govt. Box 7622.

YOUNG writer, considerable experience retail book trade & extensive goodwill London & counties, will undertake part-time representation of reputable publisher. Box 7553.

YOUNG man (28), intelligent, adaptable, varied experience, leaving administrative post end of June, seeks interesting job abroad before commencing university in October. Anything considered. Box 7535.

UNBELIEVABLY charming architectural student and artist wife require well-paid summer job to sustain life in ensuing session. Most anything considered. Box 7573.

WIDOW (55) seeks post where ability will be appreciated. Excellent cook, organiser. Run large or small house, hostel. Box 7556.

AMERICAN woman, 30, musician and writer, requires routine employment in London not involving children or abnormal people. Has permit for resident domestic work. Write Box 7506.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC 1765/MOU. 1701.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

FELLOWSHIPS AND STUDENTSHIPS

BALLIOL College Oxford. Andrew Bradley Fellowship. The College proposes to elect to the Andrew Bradley Fellowship in English Literature as from September 29, 1954. Further details obtainable from the College Secretary, to whom applics. should be sent not later than Sept. 1.

UNIVERSITY of London. Metcalfe Studentship for Women. Applications are invited for the Metcalfe Studentship for Women, which is of the value of £60* for one year. Candidates must be graduates of a University of the United Kingdom and must be prepared to undertake research at the London School of Economics on some social, economic or industrial problem to be approved by the University. Applicants who do not know the result of their Degree Examinations may make provisional application. Applications, on a prescribed form, must reach the Academic Registrar, University of London, at the Senate House, London, W.C.1 (from whom further particulars may be obtained), not later than May 24, 1954. *In certain circumstances the Ministry of Education may supplement the emoluments of this Studentship at their normal rates.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

DORSET Chambers, 52/53 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 1665. Beaut. serv. rooms, bed breakf., dinner opt. Moderate.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12s. 6d./15s. 6d. B. & B., wkly terms arrg.

HOTEL Re: Sgle. fr. 3gns. wk. Dble. 5gns. inc. bkfast. H. & C. Tel. Porters. Restnt White Park, 9 Lancaster Gate, W.2.

HIGHGATE Village. Lge. sunny furn. B/Sit. rm. quiet hse. Suit stud./teacher. Bath. tel., use kit. 35s. MOU. 5619.

SMALL sgle. room, 30s. p.w. incl. light, htg., use kit. HAMpstead 1581.

COMF. bed-sit. rm. Suit bus. lady. Private flat. £2. Maida Vale. CUN. 7586.

WELL-furn. 3-rm. flat, N. London, for bus. prof. person. Own toilet & meters. Quiet refined house. 3½gns. C.H.W. Box 7714.

COMFORTABLE large bed-sitting room, modern block. Marble Arch. Student or business person. £3 3s. p.w. PAD. 6967.

WEST Hampstead: comfortably furn. single bed-sitting room in private flat, service, gas-ring, breakfast optional; convenient buses, tubes; 'phone HAM. 7257 after 6 p.m. weekdays, before 11 a.m. week-end.

ST. John's Wood. Quiet attractive bed-sit. Suit prof. man or woman. MAI. 4092.

TWO comfortably furn. rooms with cooking facils. Wembley area. Suit business lady. Tel. ARNold 3222 after 7 p.m.

NR. Marble Arch, B/s. rm. in lux. flat, every amenity (lady). 50s. Box 7661.

WELL-furn. dble. bed-sit. rm., own kit. & bathrm. Swiss Cottage. MAI. 4189.

TO let: 2 charming bed-sitting rooms, private flat, S. Kensington. Incl. service, light, baths, some use kit., china; 57s. 6d. and 63s. Suitable prof. women or quiet girl students. Refs. reqd. Box 7516.

FURN. b/sit. rm. Fulham, h. & c. basin, gas ring/fire. 37s. 6d. Box 7595.

SGLE. comfortable bed-sitter, Maida Vale. All facilities, 37s. 6d. wkly. CUN. 6333.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

ST. John's Wood. Very small suitable as retaining room. Basin. Ring. 25s. incl. heating. No linen. MAI. 2600.

SMALL ground-floor furnished room to let off Gower Street. Gas fire and ring. Free light. Use of bathroom and telephone. 25s. a week 6 months in advance. EUSton 7447.

HOLLAND Park. Lady 23 seeks another to share super flat and piano. Own bed-sitting. References. 3½gns. Box 7551.

FURNISHED flatlet. First floor. Bed-sitting room and kitchenette. Newly decorated. No linen or cutlery. Suit lady. 37s. 6d. per week. GLAdstone 3647.

LARGE attract. bed-sitt. room with or without board, service, 50/80s. incl. light, heat. Richmond area. POP. 7429.

FURN. room avail. early May, Earl's Court. Use kit., bathroom. Lady prefd. Musician welcome. 2gns., share gas. Box 7517.

LARGE well-furn. bed-sitting room N.W.3. Own ckg. facils. Also one slightly smaller. 3gns. & 2½gns. Box 7608.

CONTINENTAL house, comf. bed-sit. rm., cent. htg., hot water, tel., service. With or without partial board. MAI. 3440.

COMF. bed-sitting room in modern flat. Suit bus. gentleman. 5 Stirling Mans., 12 Canfield Gdns., N.W.6. MAI. 0157.

SUNNY, large, well-furnished room in quiet flat. All conv. Tel. HAMpstead 0793 after 9 p.m. or week-ends.

REGENT'S Park. Pleasant, warm, semi-basement room. Furnished or semi-furnished. 25s. per week. Suitable study or workroom. 'Phone PRI. 3804 after 4 p.m.

ATTRACTIVE Hampstead flatlet for 2 or 3 people. Kit., bath, own tel. C.H.W. Newly dec. 3 min. all Finchley Rd. buses, near Heath. Vac. May 24. HAM. 7428.

BED-Sit. Close Heath. Half-share kit. £2 approx. State tel. no. Box 7673.

LARGE, sunny bed-sitter offered woman tenant by graduate couple. Good kit. & bath facils. £2 15s. p.w. 'Phone WES. 4295.

QUIET couple wanted as tenants for 2 furn. rms. & sep. kit. in Earls Court maisonette. 3gns. Tel. FRO. 6253.

NR. Kens. Church. Fur. flat to let. 2 bed., kit./din. Bathrm. 6gns. Box 7668.

DOUBLE room to let. Newly decorated. Own H. & C. Gas-fire & ring. Service, 5 mins. Finchley Rd. Stn. Tel. MAI. 8106.

VERY attractive 3-room self-contained flat, large garden. Highgate, garage available. £5 per week. Box 7694.

TWO large bright furn. rooms. Elec. cooker, bath, c.h.w. Attractive house, suitable 1/2 persons; refs. rent. 8 Holly Park Gardens, Finchley, N.3. FIN 0358.

MUSWELL Hill (near Highgate). Sunny two-roomed flat, furnished, exceptional view, own W.C. Lady only. Tudor 8160.

LARGE sunny bed-sitting room with partial board in professional woman's house, view rose garden and hills, easy access City. CRO. 0869 after 6.30 p.m.

WALBERSWICK: labour-sav. cottage part May, June. 5 & 6gns. week. Box 7363.

MODERN 4-berth caravan to let, also sites. Near beach. Longrock Garage, Penzance, Cornwall.

TINY cottage to let, furnished, W. Wales. Water, electricity. Box 7364.

SNOWDONIA. Primitive cottage, 4 mls. sea, furnished, from now until Sept. 30. £40 for whole period. Maddox, Morfa Du, Llanfrothen, Merioneth.

BETWEEN Looe and Polperro. To let (not Aug.), Furn. Bungalow, 3 bedrooms, bath, modern conveniences. Also cottage, similar accommodation. 4 mins. safe secluded beach. Blackhurst, Porthallow, Nr. Looe, Cornwall.

ASHDOWN Forest, Bungalow, sleeps 7. 2 acres orchard, woodland, stream. Till mid-July £4 10s. p.w. Box 7508.

BLUE Anchor Bay Holiday Flatlets, Somerset. All flatlets self-contd., overlkg. sea. Most carefree and economical holiday. Vacs. now to June, Sept. onwards. Write Kathleen Hardwick or 'phone Dunster 241.

AMERSHAM, Bucks. To let: charming secluded furnished flat for two. 4½gns. Write Box 7388.

S. CORNWALL. Cottage to let, fishing village, except May, August; elec. cooking, comf. furnishings. Sleep 3. July & Sept. 5gns. p.w. June 4gns. p.w. Arthur, Ship Cottage, Cadgwith, Helston.

JORDANS, Bucks. To let permanently or short periods, bright, fully equipped bed-sitting room. Alternately, furnished flat, suitable for two, short periods. Box 7569.

COTTAGE for two. Cornish coast. Long let preferred. Details sent. S.41, Smith's Library, Penzance.

YOUNG French-speaking couple, boy two, seek modest furn. accom., own kitchen, May to Sept. Within reach City. Box 7634.

GRADUATE and family desire 2-3-bed-room furn. or unfurn. flat or house in Cambridge for at least one year, starting July 15, 1954. Batts, 15 Chaucer Rd., Cambridge.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

NIGERIAN Doctor, wife and three children require furnished house or large flat with garden in or near London for months of June-September inclusive. Box 7642.

WOM. grad. sks. furn. room w/wt. board max. 30s. or 50s. w. board. Box 7625.

TWO young prof. men require flat furn./unfurn., pref. own k. & b., London, mod. rent. Box 7680.

WANTED from May, furn. flat, sleep 3, Central London. Good tenants. Box 7446.

YOUNG doctor reqs. furn. room with part board in Kensington, Paddington or Shepherds Bush area. Box 7520.

ARCHITECTURAL student sks. lge. bed-sit. in private hse. with bkfst. Evg. meal if possible. J. Guest, 11 Lyall St., S.W.1.

2 Business girls require furn. flat convenient cent. London. Own kit. ess. Mod. rent. Careful tenants. Refs. Box 7574.

OXFORD. Medical stud. reqs. quiet inexpensive room, Michaelmas term. Box 7715.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

BEAUTIFUL Countryside with comfort & good food. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, Sussex (Eastbourne line). Horeham Rd. 32.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House overlkg. sea. Continental ckg. Children welc. Broch.: "Waveney," Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

WORTHING—delightfully situated home of poet Henley, acre sheltered garden. Bedside lights, fires, H/C. Ample fare, varied, well cooked, well served. Own produce, garage and parking. No extras. 5-7½gns. St. George's Lodge Chesswood Rd. Tel. 2621.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Kathleen Batten's unique hotel where you find lovely food, every comfort, and informal atmosphere. Sharpthorne 17.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor. Continental holiday now among loveliest beaches in the land of King Arthur & his Knights. Sun-bathing, golden sands, emerald pools, delightful caves. Sailing & boating in Italian-like villages. Finest surf-bathing. Salmon, trout. T.V., Billiards, T. tennis, Children's room, Golf. Open all year. 5 hrs. London. 9gns. exc. July-Aug. Mrs. Foster, Miss Wainewright. Port Isaac 234. Ashley Courtenay recommended.

CORNWALL. Port Isaac (old-world fishing village). Carn Haven Guest House. H. & c. bedrooms. Farm prod. 5½-7gns. Tel. 286.

DO you seek a stay in attractive cottage with garden, beautiful walks and Continental food? You find it 40 miles from London, 6gns. p.w. 6½gns. July-Sept. Sunset Cottage, Clovelly Rd., Hindhead. Tel. 548.

BRIGHTON. Keehan's Hotel, Regency Square (facing West Pier). H. & C. Slumberland beds. Full board from 5gns.

HOLIDAYS unconventional farm W. Coast. 3½gns. Suit stud., artists, &c. Kelly, Cloona, Westport, Co. Mayo, Ireland.

GUESTS welcomed in country cottage on West Cornish coast. 5½gns. Nora Frame, Mariners Cottage, Botallack, St. Just.

BUCKS. "Tapping House" Hotel, Great Missenden. A charming XVIIth-cent. house in the lovely Chiltern Hills, just 1 hr from London. Noted specially for absolute comfort, excellent food and warmth. All bedrooms h. & c. and cent. heated. Tel. 516.

FARM Holidays—The Guide that describes "Britain's Best Farmhouses." Pages of Pictures, 3s. 2d. post free. Farm Guide, 49 Broomlands, Paisley.

GOURMETS and bon viveurs need not go to France to enjoy excellent food. A week-end or longer spent "Chez Sebastien" at Manor Farmhouse, East Woodyates, Salisbury, should satisfy the most discriminating tastes at very moderate cost. Only two and a quarter hours from London. Handley 222.

A PLEASANT private hotel used by readers offers twin-bedded rooms 4½/6½gns. acc. floor, etc., incl. "extras" (early tea, gratuities, etc.) till end May. Singles Annexe 4½gns. Early holidays need a mild climate. St. Leonards is "the finest" (town chim). Inform. brochure free. Two Lounges. No Lift. Meat/Vegetarian. Normanhurst, Sea-front, St. Leonards, Sussex. Between Pier & Sun-Lounge orchestra. Beautiful unspoilt Downs and country nearby. Few summer vacs. 5½/8 gns. 'Phone Hastings 4784.

DEVON. Guesthouse acc. Fine posn. Min. sea. "Fontenaye," Combemartin 428.

BETWS-y-Coed District. Picturesque house beautifully situated above the colourful mountain Valley of the Lledr. Modern comfort; continental cooking. From 7gns. Bwlch Bach Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolwyddelan 220.

OLD Sussex Village. Comfortable accom. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Riding stables attached; 5gns. wk. Summer 6gns. Robertsbridge 148.

CORNWALL. Seafront mid-promenade, safe bathing opp. house. Bed & bkfast. £3 10s. wk. Steen. 4 Marine Terr., Penzance.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. The Bide-a-While Book. 3s. 6d., postage 3d. Victor Hilton (NS), Harbourside, Torquay.

RYE: Simon-the-Pieman Tearooms, Lion St., receive guests. Tel. Rye 2207.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

SYGUN Fawr, Beddgelert, North Wales. Perfect centre for inexpensive mountain holidays. Details: Paul and Beryl Work.

BURNHAM Beeches, Bucks. Homely cottage accommodation for hikers, cyclists. Terms moderate. Box 7256.

ROTTINGDEAN, Nr. Brighton. Famous old seaside and downland village. Old Norton House, on the old-world Green. Friendly atmosphere, good food, sunny rooms. New, but already with a reputation. From 8gns. Brochure. Prop.: D. Chapman, M.P.

FOR the country-lover: Herts-Essex border, 27 miles London. Ideal holiday, walking, cycling, motoring. Good food, home prod., lge. gdn. Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr Bishop's Stortford. Hatfield Heath 263.

BYNE House Hotel, Warminster. A holiday in lovely Wiltshire, spacious accommodation with all amenities, secluded garden, good food, personal attention. Please write for brochure or telephone Warminster 2010.

CARDIGAN Bay. Sea & mountains, children welc., wholesome food, 5gns. wkly. Furn. holiday flat also avail. Trevor & Mary Jepson, Brackenhurst, Fairbourne, Merioneth.

RYE. The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Secluded walled garden. Superb position in a lovely centre for holidays. Rye 2216.

COTSWOLD Guest House. Own produce. Spring 3-5gns. June 1: 4-6gns. Steanbridge, Slad, Nr. Stroud. Tel. Painswick 2312.

EDINBURGH. Accom. assured or secured all seasons. Atholl Hotel, 16 Rothesay Place, 3. Central 4871.

SW. Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Torre Vean Private Hotel, Porthleven. Lt. Cdr. H. C. Selby.

THE Continental, St. Leonards-on-Sea, member Hastings Socialist Hoteliers' Assn., invites your patronage. (Illus. brochure.)

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accom. in artist's house. Redgrave, 1 Island Rd., St. Ives.

LAKE District. Wastwater, Seafell, Eskdale. Seascale district. Table tennis, billiards, extensive grounds. Irton Hall Hotel (lic'd.), Holmrook, Cumberland. Tel. 42.

FRENCH Riviera, hols. charming villa nr. beaches, spacious grounds, all comf. B. & B. fr. 21s. day. Mrs. Vines, Cap d'Antibes.

INNSBRUCK, Austria, 3 Pembaurstrasse. Priv. B. & B. 8s. 6d. Emmie Kratochwil.

CÔTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal hotel, beautiful quiet situation above sandy beach. Mod. comfts., 1st-class cuisine, own cabin cruiser. Casino, dancing. Red. rates to end June. Ill. broch.: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

GOOD Food Club members recommend over 800 places throughout Britain which serve a good meal at a reasonable price, in the "Good Food Guide 1954." Revised and enlarged and still 5s. from all booksellers. Pub. Cassell & Co., 37 St. Andrew's Hill, E.C.4.

SCHOOLS

KING Alfred School (F 1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, age 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Rd., N.W.11.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome enquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

ODAM Hill Farm School, Romansleigh, S. Molton, Devon. Juniors 7-13 years (entries accepted at 11). Farm training for seniors 13-17.

ST. Nicholas School, 39 Albyn Place, Aberdeen. A day school for boys and girls 5-13. Directors, John R. Allan, M.A., Mrs. Jean Allan, MA., John Mackie.

ST. Mary's Town and Country School. Day School: 38-40 Eton Avenue, Hampstead, N.W.3. PRI. 4306. Boarding School: Temporarily Hampstead. Boys and Girls. Recognised Ministry of Education. Realistic Modern Approach. Preparation for exams. E. Paul, Ph.D. R. D. Gardner, N.F.U.

PROGRESSIVE Home School for boys and girls 4-11. Recognised as efficient by the Ministry of Education, Thanet House, Broadstairs. Tel. Thanet 62783.

SCHOLARSHIPS

GORDONSTOUN School. Entrance Scholarships (up to £200 per annum, according to the requirements of the parents) are offered for award in 1954 by the Gordonstoun Society. These are tenable both for the normal academic course and for the Nautical Course leading to the Royal Navy or Merchant Service. Age limits 12½ to 14½ years on the September 1, 1954. The written examination, to be taken at the candidate's school, will be on June 21, 22 and 23. Candidates who qualify will be summoned for interview at Gordonstoun at the end of July. Details on application to the Headmaster, Gordonstoun, Elgin, Morayshire. Entry forms to be returned to Gordonstoun by June 7, 1954.

MUSIC Scholarship for entry in September. Broombank Preparatory School, Selsey-on-Sea, Sussex.

SUMMER SCHOOLS—cont. from p. 581

CAMBRIDGE Vacation Course on English Literature Since 1918. A Residential Course of unusual interest for both British and foreign students of English Literature will be held in Hughes Hall, Cambridge, from July 14 to August 4. Full particulars from F. E. Bell M.A., Stuart House, Cambridge.

HOUSE Party Holidays. An original holiday with foreign language practice at very reasonable, all-inclusive cost! Britain, Winkfield, near Windsor, July 24 to August 7, Polwithen House in Cornwall, July 30 to August 24; Switzerland, on Lake Geneva, July 31 to Sept. 12; Austria, near Kitzbuehel, July 2 to August 29. From 7*gns.* per week in Britain, from 27½*gns.* for 16 days' holiday abroad. Erna Low, 47NS (HP) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

BUDDHIST Summer School August 14-21. Roehampton. London. Lectures and study classes on Buddhism. Write for details, Buddhist Society, 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1.

NEEDLES Studio, Rye, Pottery, weaving, painting. A creative holiday in 1954. £12 12*s.* weekly inclg. accom. Partics. from L. G. Davie, 40 The Mint, Rye, Sussex.

PERSONAL

CAMBRIDGE undergraduate (British), 22, reading English, shs. suitable occupation abroad, Aug./Sept. Fluent French, good typist. Tutor, companion, secretary Box 7570.

TO let: Eccles 4-berth caravan, farm close sea. Nr. Sidmouth. (Booked Whitsun and July 24-Sept. 4.) Box 7560.

EDUC. research stud. wishes visit to German-spkg. family in mountainous cntry.; work consid. (June-July). Box 7555.

DOCTOR, travelled, wishes car passage Austria, N. Italy, end June retn. end July or single. Share expen., driving. Box 7505.

BACHELOR wishes seek others interested partnership Farm-Guest-house. Capital required £3-5,000. Refs. both ways. Box 7452.

YOUNG, actively engaged, ambitious male teacher (single) offers unique opportunity to interested party (not nec. wi. teaching exp.) but possessing suitable resid. to join in partnership in estabd. it into priv. interdenominational Boarding/Day Schl. Box 7540.

BUSINESS man, semi-retired, capable, languages, absolute integrity, desires occupation supplement income; correspondence, interviewing would travel or represent overseas organisation London. Box 7605.

WOULD one or more men, seriously engaged in any art, share bachelor's village house? Modest exps. E. Anglia 63m. London. Tell anyone likely. Box 7610.

DRIVER/Companion wanted leaving London May 16 for Lugano for 3 weeks in open mod. car; share driving/exp. Box 7664.

ITALIAN (conversation-grammar) taught. Expd. Italian teacher (m). Box 7667.

NEW Forest, nr. river Avon. Mod. 4-berth caravans. Also 2/3-berth Gipsy caravans. Beautiful surrndgs. (Bkd. July 24-Aug. 7). Vize, Blissford, Nr. Fordingbridge, Hants.

OWNER (m) Morris Minor Tourer leaving June 18 for 3 weeks Provence, Ascons has one seat available. Box 7532.

YOUNG Belgian seeks home English family 3 weeks in May. Would later receive host into own family. COL. 3400.

UNUSUAL informal coach tour, leisurely, expert but non-commercial. Five countries (Alps, Riviera). Leaving Aug. 28, 15 days. £38. Specially good food. Box 7529.

HOLIDAYS in Switzerland. Swiss couple wish exch. their chalet in Engadin, 5,500ft, 3 rms., 6 beds., for accom. London, 3 wks. from July 31. Box 7451.

CATS boarded. Comfortable quarters, good food. Collected & returned if required. Hilton, Hilton Cottage, Grove Lane, Chalfont St. Peter. Gerrards Cross 2913.

TWO Italian teachers (female, 22) wish position au pair, summer months, school or cultured family. Write Box 7368.

IMPECUNIOUS bachelor (28) seeks companion (m.) share holiday. Box 7365.

CAMPING holiday August 3-24. Boys & girls over 11. Wonderful South-coast site. Full 3 weeks, £10 or part-period. Burgess Hill School, Oak Hill Park, N.W.3.

YOUNG lady seeks another wishing visit Greece. Cheap. Box 7672.

AUSTRALIA. Lady expd. traveller, languages, seeks reduction travel costs Melbourne. Though known photographer any suggestions considered. Box 7519.

HOLIDAYS in Sunny Spain—Atlantic Ocean. Lim. number of vacancies avail. for y. girls & boys (14 y. onw.) in escort. parties; 3 weeks board & lodg. in priv. family, £25 plus fare. Educational Touring Serv., 10 Exhibition Rd., London, S.W.7.

MAJORCA: 2 furn. rms. with kit. to let. 3½*gns.* a mth. Also rms. without meals in private hse. Tarr, Poste Restante, Sóller.

PORTRAITS painted, 25*gns.* 3 sittings. Write Box 7559.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Mrs. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

LITERARY Research, literary works, theses typed. Mary Cosh, M.A., Partners, 84 Kensington Park Rd., W.11. BAY. 7624.

PERSONAL—continued

TWO of the Finest Tours of Italy. (1) Florence, Assisi, Rome, Venice, Lake Garda, Milan. Train and luxury coach. 16 days 59*gns.* (2) Nice, Genoa, Pisa, Florence, Assisi, Rome, Naples, Capri. Air and luxury coach. 14 days 79gns. Send for free illustrated booklet of escorted and independent holidays from £20. Allways Travel Service, 17 Sicilian Avenue, London, W.C.1. CHA. 6436/7.

EVERYONE Needs a Good Holiday! You will get one if you let experts guide you! Our arrangements include group and individual holidays at personally selected places in Britain and Abroad, House Party arrangements (from 7*gns.* per week), Week-end Parties and Family Holidays. Free booklet on application: Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

INDEPENDENT Holidays. Our 1954 programme contains a special section devoted to holidays for people who prefer to go on their own and not with organised parties. Examples are 8 days in Paris with half-pension for £17 15*s.*; 15-day tour Rome, Florence, Venice for £45; 16-day tour to Provence and Riviera, visiting Orange, Avignon, Arles, Menton for £42 10*s.* We also publish special leaflets about independent holidays to Greece and Yugoslavia. Write for full prog. (and special leaflets mentioned if reqd.) to R. A. Services, 48 (P7) Park Rd., Baker St., N.W.1.

SWISS Hotel Plan. Interlaken, 15 days, 33½*gns.*, Grindelwald, 15 days, 35*gns.*, at first-class hotel, inclusive of rail. Full board and private bathroom. Also special Economy Holidays; Switzerland, Austria, France, Italy, 8 days from 14½*gns.* Booking agents for Express Coach Services to Paris & Riviera. Details from Hotel Plan Travel Bureau, 245 Regent St., W.1. GRO. 8921.

HOLIDAY Friendship Service programme includes Bulgaria, Austria, Israel, and most countries of Europe. Send S.A.E., 5 Goodwins Court, London, W.C.2.

"THE Artist" and Butlins have arranged a painting holiday at Filey. Brochure from 51 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

GERMAN boy (Duesseldorf), aged 14, wishes spend 5 weeks from end July as paying guest with English family with boy(s) of similar age. Exchange possible. Box 7599.

CHILDREN, fr. 5 yrs., sht./long stays. Tuchner, 7 Aldwick Av., Manchester, 20.

FRENCH student (f) shs. post as mother's help Eng. family. Box 7583.

TAXI. Fine old 1935 Austin. Good running order. £30. WEL 3541.

GIRL (25) shs. cheap fast transport Yugoslavia leaving June 19/20, ret. July 10/11, share expenses. Box 7698.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

CHIROPLASTICS. Manipulative exs. away from piano. Immed. Aid to Technique. Gertrude Azulay, Wigmore Hall Studios, W.

MEET an Interesting Personality on our week-end party near Midhurst, May 21-24. Book early. Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

CASALS Festival 15 days 27*gns.* inc. Few seats. PRI. 7523 or s.a.e. Box 7690.

JUGOSLAVIA. A fortnight's camp holiday right on the Dalmatian coast, all-incl. 28*gns.*; also other holidays in Europe from 10gns. Write for "Youth Holidays" brochure, I.U.S.Y., 8 Gayfere St., S.W.1. (ABBey 6894.)

BY car: weekly trips to French Riviera. £15. Return at your conven. Fothergill, MOU. 5273. 5 Nelson Rd., Finsbury Pk.

WORK in Paris claims John Vickers at the moment, & appointments for photographs at his London studio are not possible before May 16. Orders for reprints may be telephoned as usual to VIC. 4915. 29B Belgrave Rd., S.W.1.

CORSICA by Air for the ideal Mediterranean holiday at prices you can afford. Good food, fine local wine, exceptional facilities for swimming (sandy beach a mile long and also rock bathing), wild mountain scenery, many interesting excursions. Return air fare and full board and accommodation from £43 10*s.* to £52. Enjoy 14 carefree, sunny days at the beautiful Bay of Calvi. Write or 'phone for brochure to Dept. C.S., Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CIT. 7163.

TRANSATLANTIC Flights are again operated this summer (for members only) by the National Union of Students, Travel Department, and there may still be a vacancy on the date you choose, so write to 3 Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1, and book now!

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

VERSES to order for (almost) any occasion. Moderate charges. Allan M. Laing, 19 Wavertree Nook Rd., Liverpool, 15.

DOUGLAS V. Morgan. Genuine Astrologer. Send S.A.E. for details: "Fairfield," Energlyn, Caerphilly, Wales.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

PERSONAL—continued

BREAKFAST in London, supper in Switzerland or Austria. Black Forest or Vienna-Salzburg or Dolomites-Innsbruck or Locarno-Montreux or "freelance" Tyrol. 15 days £29-£39 all-in. By air-train-coach combined. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

CRUISING Côte d'Azur under sail aboard privately owned yacht accommodating six guests each fortnight. Moderate terms. Box 7353.

BACHELOR, 30, expd. driver, fluent French, some Italian, wishes share exps. motoring hol. Continent late July/Aug. Box 7384.

EXPLORE the Thames! Dinghy with outboard, full camping equipment for 2, 5gns. weekly. Box 7352.

FOREST School Camps for boys and girls 6½ to 18. August. Trained staff. Adventurous camps and hikes, including a Waterways Expedition for those 14 and over. Apply Cobb, 19 High St., Trumpington, Cambs.

"THE Art of Seeing."—Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr. Bates, the celebrated American oculist and author of "Good Sight Without Glasses," may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett at 19A, Cavendish Sq., W.1 (LANgham 3626).

MAJORCA-CORSICA Luxury Air Cruise. A combined 15-day luxury holiday to two Mediterranean paradise islands. A unique holiday at renowned hotels with first-class cuisine and personal service. Enjoy 7 carefree days of ease and comfort at Calvi's foremost hotel — then a short flight to Majorca for a further 8 glorious days at yet another luxury hotel. Fly from London to Corsica then to Majorca back to London for only £63 10*s.* inclusive of Air Fares and Hotels. Write or 'phone for fully illustrated free brochure to (Dept. C.S.2), Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CITy 7163.

TWO weeks in the Soviet zone of Austria. One week amid magnificent mountain scenery, staying in a luxury hotel, and then Vienna and the Blue Danube! Sightseeing, visits and receptions specially arranged for Progressive Tours visitors by the Austrian workers. £38 all-in. Send 2½d. stamp for full details to Tours Dept., 20, Stilehall Gardens, London, W.4.

SPAIN, Tossa, Barcelona, 15 days, small mixed informal unherded party. Send vac. dates Spain Travel, 19 Woburn Sq., W.C.1.

SPAIN, Costa Brava, informal, unherded, small party or independent. Send vac. dates Spain Travel, 19 Woburn Sq., W.C.1.

NO Kidding, "unknown place" Fr. Riviera (St. Tropez Gulf) offers good-food holiday, £1 dly. inc. Almost-private sandy beach. La Gabelle, beautfl. wooded camp, sleep tents or comf. chalets; open-air charm without luxury Bagda, 230 Rue Croix Nivert, Paris, 15, or 'phone HAM. 7348/PAD. 6826.

PAINTING for beginners in oils. Small informal classes once weekly. Also Landscape July-August. Book now. Box 7292.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

HOWARD Fast contributes special article on United States in May Day Double Number of "World Trade Union Movement." This issue devoted to Defence of Trade Union Rights, with articles by L. Saillant, G. Di Vittorio, L. Toledano, S. A. Dange, Percy Belcher, etc., etc. Invaluable for reference. Price 1*s.* from bookshops or W.F.T.U. Publications, Ltd., 6 Chichester Chambers, Chichester Rents, Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

HANGING in the balance is "World Security at Geneva," writes Questor in the May Labour Monthly. Out today, 1*s* 6*d*. Or half year's sub., 9*s* from 1 N.S., 134 Ballard's Lane, London, N.3.

SCIENTIFICALLY-minded? Then "La Nature" will interest you (and help to keep your French up to date). Ask for a leaflet and details from B.A.A., 62 Oxford Street, London, W.1.

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A DEFENCE of Woman's sexuality is ably and wittily set forth in "Adam's Rib," by Josephine Langstaff (Allen & Unwin). "Frank and lively."—Vera Brittain. May we send you a copy? 11*s.* post free. W. J. Bryce, Ltd. (Booksellers), 41 Museum Street, London, W.C.1.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 1075. Tues.-Fri., 7.45, Sats. 6 & 8.30. Tu. May 4 for 3 wks., "Red Roses for Me."

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 7 (ex. Mon.) St. Sun., 5 & 8. "The Sun Room." Mems.

UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391)—"Land of the Living," by Leonard Irwin, Thurs. to Suns. 7.30.

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TOWER Theatre, Canonbury (near Islington Town Hall). Tavistock Rep. presents "Dark of the Moon." 7.30 p.m. Tonight, April 30, Sat., 1, Sun. 2 (members only), Fri. 7, Sat. 8 May. Seats 2s., 3s. 6d., 5s. bookable CAN. 5111 after 7.

KARL Kraus-Abend, 45 Park Lane, W.1. May 2. Tickets now sold out.

ISRAEL Independence Day Celebration. Pageant; Dramatic play; Israeli Dances; Gymnastic Display. Guest Speaker: Mr. Gershon Avner (Counsellor to the Embassy of Israel) Chair.: Dr. I. S. Fox. Mon., May 3, 7.45 p.m. Assembly Rooms, St. Pancras Town Hall, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Arranged by Zionist Federation.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until May 2: "La Minute de Verité" (A). From May 3: "La Vie Commence Demain" (X), "De Renoir à Picasso" (U).

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3520, Sun. May 2. "La Peccatrice Dell'Isola" (X). Italy.

NAT. Film Th., S. Bk. WAT 3232. Sat. May 1. Trevor Howard, Ralph Richardson, Robert Morley: "Outcast of the Islands" (A) Dir. Carol Reed. 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to pub.

FILM Première "The Great Erkel" (Hungarian, Eng. sub-titles), also Chaplin's "Champion," "Songs of Israel," Sun., May 2, 2.45 p.m., National Film Theatre, in aid of Jewish Child Welfare. Tickets (£1 1s., 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d.) at Box Office.

HAMPSTEAD Arts Ball. Theme: North-West goes East. Hampstead Town Hall (opp. Belsize Park Tube), Fri., May 7, 8.30-2 a.m. Fancy Dress or Evening Dress. Get-you-home Bus to Chelsea via West End, dep. Town Hall 2 a.m. Ball & Bus tickets obtainable in advance: Catherine Wilmer, 5 Lyndhurst Rd., N.W.3.

LA Cage! Licd. Club, Cellar Bar open dly. fr. 3 p.m. Dancing to Selwyn Trio, Sats. & Suns. Cabaret. Buffet. 137 Finchley Rd., Swiss Cottage, N.W.3. Mem. invited.

JAC. Dance by Candlelight. Curtis Shelley & Sensational Clavioline. Candlelight Bar. Members and Friends. Wednesdays and Saturdays, 8 p.m. 1 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6 (Finchley Rd. Station). MAIda Vale 9457.

CENTRAL London Fabian Soc. Dance. Sat., May 1. Artworkers' Guildhall, 6 Queen's Sq., W.C.1. 7.30-11. Adm. 3s

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall. Monday, May 3, at 8 p.m. B.B.C. Third Programme presents: Overture, William Tell (Rossini); Piano Concerto in E flat (K.271) (Mozart); Il Prigioniero (First performance in England) (Luigi Dallapiccola); Soloists: Magda Laszlo, Helmut Krebs, Willy Heyer, Dame Myra Hess, B.B.C. Chorus, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Cond.: Hermann Scherchen. Tickets: 12s. 6d., 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., at Hall (WAT. 3191) and usual Agents.

ROYAL Festival Hall, Monday, May 10, at 8 p.m. B.B.C. Third Programme presents: Concerto Grosso in D (Op. 6 No. 5) (Handel); Mass in C (K.317) (The Coronation) (Mozart); Le Sacre du Printemps (Stravinsky); Soloists: Mattiwilda Dobbs, Marjorie Thomas, Alexander Young, Geraint Evans. Philharmonia Orchestra. Cond.: Igor Markevitch. Tickets: 3s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. at Hall. (WAT. 3191) and usual Agents.

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sat., May 15, at 8. London Choral Society. John Tobin with Robert Speaight (speaker), Soloists & Kalmar Chamber Orch. Wks. by Vaughan Williams, Britten, Mellors and Purcell. WATerloo 3191.

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sun., May 16, at 3. Apollo Society Recital of Poetry and Music with Edith Evans, Barbara Jefford, Michael Redgrave, Kyla Greenbaum (Piano).

TWO Concerts pres. by Guildhall Mus. Soc., May 6, 4 St. James's Square, 8 p.m. Richards Piano Quartet with Terence Beckles Sonatas by Dallapiccola & Ginastera; Piano Quartet—Copland; String Trio—Frankel. May 13, Chenil Galleries, 8 p.m. Guest Conductor, Matyas Seiber. Concertino, 1st Performance, Ingvar Lidholm; Dialogo Angelico, 1st London Performance, Petrassi; Cantata, Strawinsky; In the Beginning, Copland. Soloists, Arda Mandikian, Patricia Kern.

CARL Dolmetsch. Recorder Recital. Wigmore Hall. Fri., May 7, at 6.30, with Saxby and String Quartet, Telemann, Loeillet, Vivaldi, Bach, etc., First Perf. Norman Fulton Suite. 7s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 3s. 6d., from Hall and Chappell's, 50 New Bond St.

BRONISLAV Gimpel, the World-famous Violinist. Wigmore Hall. Saturday, May 15, at 7.30 p.m. Pianoforte: Adela Kotowska. Sonata No. 1 in G, Op. 78 (Brahms); Sonata in G minor for Solo Violin (Bach); Sonata No. 2 in D, Op. 94 (Prokofiev); Works by: Rathaus and Ravel. Tickets: 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., at Hall, Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

MANET & His Circle. Arts Council Exhibition Tate Gallery. Open till June 7. Weekdays 10-6. (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8), Suns. 2-6. Admission 1s. 6d.

MAY Day Greetings to all members and friends for greater friendship and understanding between the peoples' of Gt. Britain and the Rumanian People's Republic. Know more about Rumania by visiting the Rumanian Folk Art Exhibition. Royal Hotel, Woburn Sq., W.C.1. (Open daily 11-9, Sundays 2-6.) Adm. Free. British Rumanian Friendship Association, 40 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. Barbara Hepworth Retrospective Exhibition: Carvings and Drawings, 1927-1954. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mons. Adm. free.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover Street, W.1. Exhibition Victor Pasmore Paintings & Constructions 1944-54. Daily 10.30-6, closed Suns. Members free, non-members 1s. 6d.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State Apartments and King's Private Apartments with Regency furniture and works of art. Open daily 10-5 including Sundays.

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GIMPEL Fils. 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Roger Hilton and recent work by Denis Williams.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Paintings from the Movements of Cubism; Formalism; Abstraction; Sur-realism. Exhibn. closes May 8. Hrs. 10-6, Sats. 10-1 p.m.

HOKUSAI. An exhibition of Drawings and Watercolours. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Closes May 1. Fris., Sats. 10-6. Admission free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a, St. George Street, W.1. New Sculptures by Reg Butler. Until June 4.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. French Paintings and Drawings of the 19th and 20th Century.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Picasso—1938-1953. Daily 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Paintings by S. John Woods. Sculpture by Michael Werner. 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1.

NEW Zealand Books. Exhibition at National Book League, 7 Albemarle St., W.1, until June 4. Mon.-Sat., 11-5. Adm. free.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Ave., W.C.2. Drawings in Soft Emulsion by Norman Tudgay. April 25-May 16.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum. At 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine under Three Queens—Elizabeth I, Anne, Victoria. Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free. At the Wellcome Research Institution, 183-193 Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibition: The Life and Work of Paul Ehrlich. Daily (Sat. & Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. Free.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield Street, W.C.2. Paul and John Nash, Anthony Gross, Nigel Lambourne, Menimsky, Maurice Johnson. 10-6 including Saturdays.

MARLBOROUGH. 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Roussel, Bonnard, Vuillard. Opens May 5. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-12.30.

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Road, E.2. Exhibition: American Colonial Furniture. Early American Colonial Furniture, China, Glass and Silver, lent by the Colonial Dames of America. Chapter XI. On view from May 5 to June 30, 1954. Lecture: May 25, 6.30 p.m., by Mr. R. W. Symonds, F.R.I.B.A., F.S.A.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

G. D. H. COLE: "Against German Rearmament." Public meeting, Monday, May 3 at 5.45 p.m. Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1. Admission free.

JOHN Betjeman will speak at St. Pancras Housing Society Annual Festival Meeting at Maurice Hall, The Working Men's College, Crowndale Road, N.W.1, Wed. May 5, 6.30.

"SOVIET Local Government." Lecture by Maurice Hookham. Thurs., May 6, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R and students 1s.)

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., May 2. S. K. Ratcliffe, "The White Man's Burden." Adm. free. Handbills on request.

"WINTER Journey in Poland." Ann Herbert describes her recent trip to Warsaw, Cracow & the Tatra Mountains, illus. by photos with epidiascope. Fri., May 7, 7.45. Brit.-Polish F'ship Soc., 81 Portland Pl., W.1.

BRAZIERS Park, Ipsden, Oxon: Whitsun School, "The Art of Living," June 4-14. Send card to the Warden for full details. (Next week: Painting & Music.)

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 p.m., Sunday, May 2, Studio, 29 Addison Ave., W.11 (Nr. Holland Pk. Stn.). Discourse: Swami Avyaktananda. "Communion, Communism and Peace."

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

BERTRAND Russell on "History as an Art." Chair: C. V. Wedgwood. Hermon Ould Memorial Lecture, Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Tues., May 4, 7.30. Tickets 3s. (guaranteeing seats; apps. to be accomp. by remittance & s.a.e.) from Sec., P.E.N., 62 Glebe Place, S.W.3, or at doors.

OXFORD. Publ. mtg. Stuart Morris, "America Today." Mon., May 3, 8 p.m. Friends Meeting Hse., 43 St. Giles. Questns.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. May 4, 8.15, illus. talk, "Drawing as an Obsession" (on automatic drawing, graffiti, etc.) by J. B. Brunius. Chair.: Roland Penrose. Mems. 2s., guests 3s. Membership invited.

LONDON Jewish Society. "The Greenland Expedition," illus. lecture by Dr. H. Lewis, who accompanied the expedition, at the Ben Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1, Tues., May 4, 8 p.m. Visitors 2s. 6d.

WORLD Jewish Congress—British Section. Jewish Forum. "Do Minorities Share Common Problems?" A discussion between representatives of United States Negroes, Indians in South Africa and Jewry under the Nazis. Speakers: Miss Gladys C. Cooper, Mr. M. D. Naidoo, Dr. Lev Zelmanovits. Chairman: Mr. J. Perelman. Tuesday, May 4, 1954, at 8 p.m. Anglo-Israeli Club, 43-44 Gt. Windmill St., W.1.

MAY Day Rally: For Solidarity of all the World's Workers. Speakers: Joseph Murumbi (Sec., Kenya African Union), a member of the C.N.T. of Spain in Exile, Ken Denson (S.W.F.). Sun., May 2, 7.30 p.m. Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1. Adm. free. Syndicalist Workers' Fedn.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed., May 5, 7.30. The Rt. Hon. Hugh Dalton, M.P. "The Budget." Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2. Visitors 2s. 6d.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public Lecture, Friday, 8.15, May 7. Mr. D. L. Murray: "What is Man?" Chairman: Mr. Claude Houghton. 62 Queen's Gardens, Bayswater.

NEW Europe Group Lectures on East and West; Dr. Walter Zander, "The West, Israel and the Arabs." Friday, May 7, Swedenborg Hall, Barter St., W.C.1, 7.30.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. May 8, 6 p.m. A. J. Chkiantz: "The Theory of Countervailing Power."

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Association. Dr. Joseph Wieder, Lecturer at Jews' College, on "The Jewish Sects and their Liturgical Echoes," at the Horse Shoe Hotel, Tottenham Court Road, W.1 (next to Dominion Theatre), on Monday, May 3, at 8 p.m. Visitors 2s.

ISRAEL—Some Reflections. Lecture by The Rt. Hon. Kenneth Younger, M.P. Chairman: H. E. The Ambassador of Israel. At the Royal Society of Arts, 6 John Adam Street, Adelphi, W.C.2, on May 13 at 6 p.m. Members free: others 1s. 6d. Tickets from Anglo-Israel Assn., 13 Mansfield St., W.1.

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. 7.15 p.m. Tonight, Friday, Apr. 30, Mr. Khanna, "India Today." Friday, May 7, D. A. Broughton on "The Fulfilment of Man" by Dr. Bronowski.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture, Sundays 7 p.m. May 2: "Source of All Religions."

EDWARD Conze: "Reason and the Absolute." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., May 2, 6.30 p.m.

BUDDHIST Society. Special Public Lecture, Caxton Hall, S.W.1. 6.30 p.m. Wednesday, May 5. "The Buddha's Message to the Atomic Age." Mr. Maung Maung Ji, M.A.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall (Holborn), Thurs., May 6, 7.30: "The Self as Pure Consciousness." All welcome.

YOGA. Heal yourself. Practical demonstration, Monday, May 3, 7.30 p.m. 22 Ebury Street, S.W.1. Admission 2s. 6d.

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LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures will be given by Professor M. Vasmer (Berlin) at 5 p.m. on May 3, 11 and 13, at the School of Slavonic and East European Studies, University of London, W.C.1. May 3: "The Method of Slavonic Etymological Research"; May 11: "The Meaning of Russian River- and Lake-Names"; May 13: "The Slavs in Greece." Admission free, without ticket.

SOCIAL Anthropology: Progressive League Conference, Whitsun, June 4/7, Lodge Hill, Pulborough, Sussex. Chair.: Dr. P. Stirling. K. C. Rosser: Politics and Status in Primitive and Western Society; R. M. Berndt: Social and Cultural Change; H. A. Powell: The Family in Social Structure; and Film: The Trobiand Islanders; E. M. Mendelson: The Individual and Society in Primitive Religion; D. Mitchell: An Anthropological Approach to Rural Problems; Brains Trust. Fee: £3 17s. 6d. Double and treble rooms only. Apply to Miss M. MacNamara (P.L.), 54 Leinster Square, W.2.

INSTITUTE of Psychiatry (University of London). The next post-graduate course in clinical and educational psychology will start on September 1, 1954. The course, which covers a period of 13 months, prepares students for the University of London Post-graduate Diploma in Psychology (Section D—Abnormal Psychology). It is open to graduates with an honours degree in psychology or its equivalent. Applicants who propose to specialise in educational psychology must have appropriate training and experience in education. Further inquiries and applications should be made as soon as possible to the Psychology Department, Institute of Psychiatry, Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5.

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THINKERS' Holiday Organization. 1954 Summer School, New Forest. "Religion in the Atomic Age"—a critical analysis. July 31-August 6: "Religion and Modern Science," Prof. L. Arnaud Reid, Dr. P. E. Hodgson, Prof. H. Levy, Prof. H. D. Lewis, Prof. H. H. Price, Canon C. E. Raven, D. A. Routh, Dr. R. H. Thouless. August 7-14: "Religion in Relation to Modern Ethical and Social Problems," Prof. A. J. Ayer, A. Basu, H. J. Blackham, P. Leon, Prof. H. D. Lewis, Maung Maung Ji, Dr. Zwi Werblowsky, the Iman of Shah Jehan Mosque. Full social programme—excursions, dances, sport, etc. For details apply to The Secretary, 4 Cranley Gdns., London, S.W.7. Visitors from abroad especially welcome.

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SUMMER SCHOOLS cont. on page 579

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 577—579.

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